

IMAGINING AMERICA

PETER CONRAD

Christ Church College, Oxford
Peter Conrad traces the different attitudes British writers have imposed on America and the different images they have carried away from it. His book, stimulating both as cultural history and literary criticism, presents an argumentative *tour de force* in a style that is witty and diverting.

07100 03706 Illustrated £7.50.

Political Fictions

MICHAEL WILDING

University of Sydney
In the past hundred years the novel has been the literary genre most deeply concerned with the social order, and a number of novelists have been preoccupied with issues that are fundamentally political. Michael Wilding has selected six such writers, and examines some of their work in detail: Mark Twain, William Morris, Jack London, D.H. Lawrence, Arthur Koestler and George Orwell.

07100 04675 £8.75

Nature and Language

A Semiotic Study of Cucurbits in Literature

RALE NORMAN and JON HAARBERG

This highly original study illuminates the fascinating area where nature and language meet. The argument is illustrated with examples of the use of *Cucurbitaceae*: melons, pumpkins, and gourds which have always been an invaluable source of symbols for writers and artists.

07100 04532 Illustrated £10.00

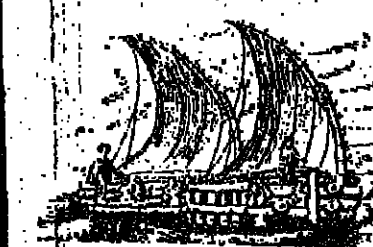
Early English Stages 1300-1600

A History of the Development of Dramatic Spectacle and Stage Convention in England
GLYNNE WICKHAM

Professor of Drama, University of Bristol

Volume One: 1300-1576
This new edition contains a new Introduction and Preface, as well as extensive revisions to the chapter on the Mystery Play.

07100 02769 32pp plates £25.00



The Seacraft of Prehistory

PAUL JOHNSTONE

This is a detailed, scholarly, yet highly readable account of man's use of inland and ocean-going craft from earliest times until the dawn of recorded history. Much of the material for this book was gathered by Paul Johnstone during his travels as producer of the well-known BBC television series of archaeological programmes, *Chronicle*. Paul Johnstone died in 1976 and his work has been prepared for publication by Sean McGrath, Chief Archaeologist at the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich.

07100 05008 9 1/2 x 7 1/2 ins

Profusely illustrated with maps, line drawings and photographs £13.50

Routledge & Kegan Paul
39 Store Street, London WC1

October 1917

A Social History of the Russian Revolution

MIARC FERRO

Director of Studies, Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes, Paris

Translated by Norman Stone
Marc Ferro is the only uncommitted western historian to have access to the Russian archives, and the range and interest of his raw materials make this work of unique value. He covers the outbreak and course of the October Revolution and shows how the efforts of Lenin changed it from an inchoate mass of uprising into a movement which transformed Russian society.

07100 05342 £13.50

Undercover:

The Men and Women of the Special Operations Executive

PATRICK HOWARTH

The Special Operations Executive was one of the most extraordinary creations of the last war, set up forty years ago with the aim of setting Europe ablaze through its cloak and dagger operations. Based on personal knowledge gained during service with SOE, Patrick Howarth has written a description of how this operation worked in practice as seen through the personalities and experiences of its most colourful figures.

07100 05733 Illustrated £7.95

Perspectives on History

WILLIAM H. DRAY

Professor of Philosophy, University of Chicago

Professor Dray considers the work of R.G. Collingwood, Charles Beard, J.W.N. Watkins, A.J.P. Taylor and Oswald Spengler. This study should soon establish itself as the definitive introduction to the philosophy of history.

07100 05658 (cloth) £7.50

07100 05700 (paper) £3.95

Judging Justice

An Introduction to Contemporary Political Philosophy

PHILIP PETTIT

Professor of Philosophy, University of Bradford

Philip Pettit scrutinizes the different platforms of social criticism, filling in the background to the investigation of justice and offering a critical appraisal of the major competing theories.

07100 05683 (cloth) £8.50

07100 05717 (paper) £4.50

Karl Marx and the Anarchists

PAUL THOMAS

Professor of Political Science, University of California, Berkeley

An examination of Marx's disputes with, and attacks upon, those anarchist theoreticians he encountered at various stages of his career as a revolutionist.

07100 04273 £15.00

Coming to Know

Edited by PHILLIDA SALMON

University of London, Institute of Education

A collection of essays exploring personal knowledge, providing a welcome counter-balance to the scientific theory of learning.

07100 04559 (paper) £5.95

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

30 MAY, 1980

contents

ANITA BROOKNER	Robert Alter: <i>Stendhal—A Biography</i>	599
PHILIP THUDY	Jean Lacouture: <i>Francis Mauriac</i>	
ANTHONY BURGESS	Francis Mauriac: <i>Francis Mauriac</i>	
STÉPHEN KORS	James Trezise and others: <i>Watergate—A Crisis for the World</i>	
ANDREW SINCLAIR	W. J. Rorabaugh: <i>The Alcoholic Republic—An American Tradition</i>	
ROBERT ROYER	Robert K. Martin: <i>The Homosexual Tradition in American Poetry</i>	604
PETER LEWIS	Fiction: Jeremy Leven: <i>Creator</i>	
SALLY RAMSEY	Barbara Hanrahan: <i>The Peach Groves</i>	
T. J. DINYON	Elizabeth O'Connor: <i>Spirit Man</i>	
	Sara Woods: <i>They Stay for Death</i>	
	Jeff Miller: <i>Private Sector</i>	
	Celia Fremlin: <i>With No Crying</i>	
	Nicolas Freeling: <i>Castang's City</i>	
	Michael Sellers: <i>Leonardo and Others</i>	
	Gerald Hammond: <i>The Reward Game</i>	
DAVID LODGE	John Barth: <i>Letters</i>	604
C. YANN WOODWARD	J. R. Pole: <i>Paths to the American Past</i>	608
HOLLY ELEY	Michael Kreyling: <i>Eudora Welty's Achievement of Order</i>	610
STANLEY MOSS	Letter to the Butterflies (poem)	
HAROLD BLOOM	Viewpoint	
CELINA FOX	Gail Levin: <i>Edward Hopper—the Complete Prints</i> . Edward Hopper as Illustrator	611
ANNE WRIGHT	Commentary	
FRANCES SPALDING	"Heartbreak House" (Malvern Festival)	
CHRISTOPHER EDWARDS	Paintings by Mary Potter (New Art Centre) and James Wood (Blond Fine Art)	
PETER CONRAD	Ted Tally's "Terra Nova" (Chichester Festival Theatre)	613
	Salvador Dali (Tate Gallery)	
	To the Editor	
	Among this week's contributors	
MARCUS CUNLIFFE	Newness as repudiation: Styles in modern American thought	614
STÉPHEN FENDER	Charles Doyle (Editor): William Carlos Williams— <i>The Critical Heritage</i>	
JOHN HOLLANDER	Frank Doggett and Robert Buttel (Editors): Wallace Stevens— <i>A Celebration</i>	
	The Trimmer (poem)	
	Author, Author	
HAROLD BRAVER	William J. Schickel: <i>The Half-Hood—A Cultural Symbol in Nineteenth-Century American Fiction</i>	615
JAMES CAMPBELL	Robert Creeley: <i>Was that a Real Poem and other essays</i>	
ALAN YOUNG	Edward Dorn: <i>Interviews</i>	
	Gary Snyder: <i>He Who Hunted Birds in His Father's Village</i>	
	Donald Justice: <i>Selected Poems</i>	
	Howard Moss: <i>Notes from the Castle</i>	
	Theodore Weiss: <i>Views and Spectacles</i>	
	Michael Ondaatje: <i>Rat Jelly and Other Poems 1963-78</i>	
DAVID KIRBY	Kenneth Rexroth: <i>The Morning Star</i>	
STANLEY MOSS	The Poems of Stanley Kunitz, 1928-78	616
TOM DISCH	On the Extravagance of Princes: a Letter of Advice (poem)	
ERIC HONBERGER	Warner Berthoff: <i>A Literature Without Qualities</i>	617
PETER DALE	Path (poem)	
ROGER GARFITT	Anthony Hecht: <i>The Venetian Vespers</i>	618
MARGARET BEVAN	Sonnet	
NICK RODDICK	Robert Philip Kolker: <i>A Cinnamon of Loneliness—Penn, Kubrick, Coppola, Scorsese, Altman</i>	619
PAUL WILLEMEN	Keith Cohen: <i>Elfin and Fiction—Dynamics of Exchange</i>	
DAVID FATHER	David Blewett: <i>Deleuze's Art of Fiction</i>	620
DONALD LOW	Alan Bell (Editor): <i>Lord Cockburn</i>	
STANLEY WELLS	Zulfikar Ghose: <i>Hamlet, Proust and Language</i>	
ERIC KORN	Dimitri Blenski: <i>The Uncertainty Principle</i>	
	Jan Watson: <i>God's World. The Very Slow Time Machine</i>	
	John Maddox Roberts: <i>The Strayed Sheep of Chaucer</i>	
	Barrington J. Bayley: <i>The Fall of Chronopolis</i>	
	Christopher Cook Gilmore: <i>Atlantic City Proof</i>	
	Michael S. Harper and Robert B. Stepto (Editors): <i>Chant of Salome—a Cathedral</i>	
	Robert B. Stepto: <i>From Behind the Veil—a Study of Afro-American Narrative</i>	
	Houston A. Baker Jr.: <i>The Journey Back—Issues in Black Literature and Criticism</i>	
LISBAY DUQUOI		
BOLLACE MITCHELL		

ROBERT ALTER:

Stendhal: A Biography
250pp. George Allen and Unwin.
£2.50.
ISBN 0 04 3012 2

One should start near the end, in 1835, France's least likely diplomat, the consul at Civitavecchia, is writing his memoirs. Unfortunately they only cover the first eighteen years of his life and for a singular reason: in remembering his first moment of happiness the writer will be so overcome that he will be unable to continue. He will realize with a shock that he is fifty-three years old and for an unguarded moment he will show himself to be an aging, even an old, man. "Je suis très froid aujourd'hui, le temps est gris, je souffre un peu." His profound discouragement, rarely in evidence, is palpable in this line. Yet he says he would not hesitate to begin his life again. But he could not finish the book and thus one of the great documents in the history of self-knowledge was aborted.

Robert Alter's excellent and balanced biography of Stendhal might be called "As a Man Grows Old" for he succeeds, as no other critic has done, in conveying what Stendhal himself registered with such dismay: the passage of time. Stendhal disguised, or at least so he hoped, as a graceful strippling, eternally contoured by the hypocrisies of life which he had taken such trouble to master. Stendhal found himself outwitted, at the age of fifty, by all his dreams and stratagems. His tardy decision to bury a woman outside the confines of his usual requirements—Giulia Rimini was neither emotionally extravagant nor capricious—was thwarted; he was reduced to performing his consular duties in Italy. Stendhal's life, and supreme irony, when not checked by loads of grain, sugar, and fabric, he sat in one of those towers which are his greatest fictional image and metaphor, most grievously alone but not divorced from the exertions imposed by his personality, flicking pieces of paper into the sea below his window. It is how we should remember him.

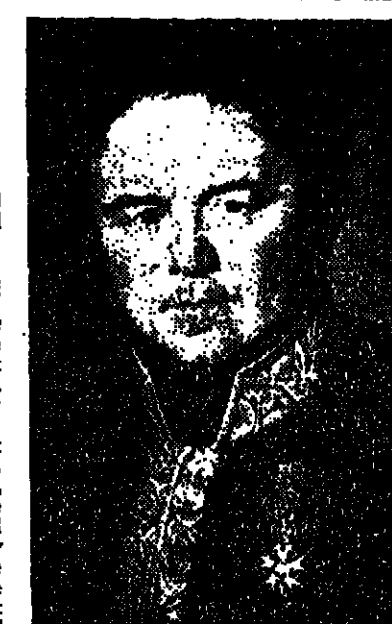
For it is easy, or relatively easy, to remember Stendhal as a young man. His own account of his first eighteen years, in *La Vie de Henry Brulard*, presents more emphatically and memorably than any

later-day biographer could, the facts of his early life and ends with a moment of distress, brought on not by the painful childhood memories he has so graphically described but by the realization that he is middle-aged, stout, and more than a little weary. The conclusion of *Henry Brulard* contains all the keys to Stendhal's writing: the combination of cynicism and yearning in the recapitulation of youthful ambitions, the refusal to describe the random moments of happiness for fear of destroying it, and the strange final pages in which he understands that at the time of writing he is no longer living on hope but on the very memory of hope.

It is the image of a life which did not quite go according to plan. On the surface witty, popular, salaried, published, even loved, Stendhal failed to close the wound dealt by those who loved him and died or did not love him but still died. With the death of his mother, he noted the emotional life ended (he was seven years old at the time). On hearing of the death of his adored Métilde Dombrowski, he wrote, in his occasionally effective English, "Death of my life." But it was not so, or not to the historian. By Stendhal's standards, and by virtue of one of those ironies which he so treasured, the successful part of his life was entirely posthumous. For this reason it was not enjoyed, was not dealt with in the same degree in further biographical writings, and was attended by clowning and boredom. Sensible plans dissolved into reasonable disappointment. Books were left unfinished. At the end he died almost anonymously, of apoplexy, in a Paris street, leaving given to the world literature the unforgettable memory of Fabrice del Dongo beamed into sublimity, in his chateau in the forest, the Chateau de Parma: a formless, carelessly introduced, but utterly convincing retreat in which to end one's life. Despite its celebrated opening sentences it is the conclusion of this novel which contains its essence. Whether the publisher excised some of the last paragraph or not is hardly relevant. That all but breathless reaching of the goal, that strange rightness and finality, that sense that nothing more need be said conform to Stendhal's own dictum, "Dans les arts il faut toucher profondément et laisser un souvenir."

Although Stendhal perceives him-

self as a failure, Fabrice, his alter ego, comes out of much the same tribulations: an undoubted hero, as does Julien Sorel, although the latter's heroism is vitiated by his peasant malice. The reasons for this dualism are interesting and not attributable directly to the alchemy of fiction. In 1811 Stendhal wrote in his Journal, "Heureux, j'aurais été charmant." He was concerned, as usual, with the pursuit of happiness, the great unrealized goal of his life. That mythic state was compounded of the ideal and a loved woman and a maternal smile and



Stendhal in his uniform as Consul, 1835.

an aria by Cimarosa and the exaltation of youth and the glow of a canvas by Correggio, all coming together and producing not merely pleasure—he knew about that—but a transformation of the very consciousness of life itself.

There was no other world for this unbeliever: the materials given seemed to him precious enough. But his glimpse of happiness remained intermittent, very infrequent, and expanded only by memory and association. For this he both congratulated and blamed himself. Eternally struggling on towards the realization of the bliss he had perceived in the sound of church bells above Rolle, at the opera in

Novara, during a fireworks display at the precise moment when a girl leaped her head on his shoulder, and, one might add, in order (perhaps) to see better—he perceived with a dismay which only the very greatest heroism permitted him to encompass that he was not perhaps equipped to possess it. What he says is, if I had been happy I would have been charming. What he means is, if I had been charming I would have been happy.

He was an unlikely candidate for the pursuit of happiness. A narrow and confined childhood, the eternal need to earn money and position and favour, a stocky and graceless body (even in his twenties), thin hair and bad teeth, a physical bravery that implies a curious dearth of imagination, no home but a chosen place of exile, and a lack of true worldliness for which he strove ferociously to compensate by measuring up the rules of the game, even when no game was being played. Henry Beyle: it is a functionary's name. It was as a functionary in the army and at the court of Napoleon that he made his not inconsiderable career until the Bourbon restoration, when even his carefully learnt cynicism left him unprepared to lackey for a government position in Paris. He left for Italy, once more, announcing that as he lacked further occupation he would turn to writing, much as one smoked a cigar after dinner, and in order to pass the time.

It is a fine dandyish moment. Even he, who claimed to be writing for 1885 or 1935, could hardly have known then that he was about to introduce into the art of fiction a whole new technique to describe different refractions of consciousness. It is even difficult to ascertain whether he knew what he was doing for the Romantic movement as a whole: a jangling of words with a dimension of energy which it soon lost but which true devotees find again and again, even today, in their own experience. Yet through his life he used other people's words or acts to get himself going and sometimes this shows. He began as a plagiarist, in his *Histoire de la peinture en Italie* and his *Lives of Haydn, Mozart, and Metastasio*. He ended as the most unlikely and most unassailable of the authorities on love, felicity, and the politics of aspiration.

The peculiar and rebarbative glories of Stendhal's writings are not confined to his fiction, although

in the creation of his heroes, Julien Sorel, Fabrice del Dongo, Lucien Leuwen, and, one might add, the unlikeliest of them, he gives us the transformed self to which he directed all his efforts and which was closely bound up with physical appearance and demeanour: youthful, graceful, loved by women, able to disarm the criticism of men, endowed with heroic powers of choice, favoured at the end with an exaltation which others might call grace. Julien's musings in his prison tower, when for the first and last time in his life he is delivered from calculation and secrecy and ambition and hypocrisy, have a curiously blessed quality absent from many a more orthodox deathbed. Mme de Rênal comes and goes without a thought for the injuries he has done her and they have perhaps become mother and child, impervious in their symbiosis to danger from outside. Entranced, Julien begs to be allowed to keep his ideal life rather than manoeuvre for the continuation of his real life on earth. He dies well. Similarly, Fabrice to all intents and purposes dies in his chateau at the moment when he withdraws from this world.

The great and brave woman who loves him, La Sansaveigne, left behind in the world, dies well too. "La comtesse en un mot réunissait toutes les apparences du bonheur, mais elle ne survécut que fort peu de temps à Fabrice, qu'elle adorait, et qui ne passa qu'une année dans sa Chaux-de-Fonds." There is to be no happy end for Lucien Leuwen or for Julien Sorel, for Stendhal clearly did not know what to do with them. They were both condemned to live, in married felicity in the one instance, coldly and with malice aforethought in the other, and of both these conditions Stendhal had not the slightest experience. He gives us four great exemplars of the heroic way of life, Julien and Mme de Rênal, Fabrice and Sansaveigne, and he proves that there can be great nobility in the perception of one's own character or what other Romantic writers would have called soul.

For Stendhal is a Romantic with a difference. Not only does he eschew the grand gesture—Berlioz conducting with a drawn sword, Hugo on his rock—he via any sort of grand gesture with undiminished eighteenth-century scepticism. There is no hypocrisy in his mathematics, he said, to explain his first choice of career. How

New books from CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Paperback edition

In Extremity

A Study of Gerard Manley Hopkins

JOHN ROBINSON

"Mr Robinson [has] very thoroughly re-examined the facts of Hopkins's life... rethought the standard accounts of the poet's development and made his findings part of a sensitive and powerfully intelligent evaluation of the poems. One who had started the book, I could not stop..."

Paperback £3.50 net

Essays on Medieval German and Other Poetry

AT. HATTO

This collection of Professor Hatto's essays emphasises the way in which the basic language and imagery of medieval German epic and love poetry were rooted in a deep understanding and appreciation of the natural world. The essays range from *Minne* (the discussion of animal symbolism in *Beowulf* and *Venus and Adonis*).

Anglo-Germanica Series 2

Education and Social Change in Nineteenth-Century Massachusetts

CARL F. KAESTLE and MARIS A. VINOVSIS

The definitive thesis of this book has emerged from a sophisticated statistical enquiry into the development of public education in one state of the Union. The authors contend that their findings although confined to a single state, refute traditional single-factor explanations of mass education in America.

£17.50 net

My Apprenticeship

BEATRICE WEBB

With an Introduction by NORMAN MACKENZIE

A new edition of the first part of Beatrice Webb's brilliant autobiography which remains an important and fascinating source of social attitudes and conditions in late Victorian Britain. Norman Mackenzie's new Introduction describes the severe personal stresses that lay behind her life of dedication to social improvement.

Hard covers £17.50 net

Paperback £5.95 net

The German Idea

Four English Writers and the Reception of German Thought 1800-1860

ROSEMARY ASHTON

Dr Ashton shows how four British writers (Coleridge, Carlyle, G.H. Lewes and George Eliot) sought, during the nineteenth century, to encourage the diffusion and understanding of German ideas and thereby to reverse the prevailing opinion of German literature as being dangerously immoral and wilfully abstruse.

£14.50 net

Philosophy and an African Culture

KWASI WIREDU

In these essays, Kwasi Wiredu defines a role for contemporary African philosophers which is distinctive but by no means parochial. He shows how they can assimilate the advances of analytical philosophy and apply them to the general social and intellectual changes associated with 'modernisation' and the transition to new national identities.

Hard covers £15.00 net

Paperback £3.95 net

Knowledge and Passion

Illogot Notions of Self and Social Life

MICHELLE Z. ROSALDO

An ethnographic interpretation of the life of the Illogots, a group of hunters and cultivators in Northern Luzon in the Philippines, which focuses on the practice of headhunting. The author analyses this practice with reference to Illogot concepts of the emotional development of individuals through the life cycle.

Hard covers £15.00 net

Paperback £4.95 net

Cambridge Studies in Cultural Systems

Tazlár

A Village in Hungary

C.M. HANN

A study of the socio-economic organisation of a rural community in the post-war period, focusing on the formation of an unusual type of agricultural co-operative which illustrates the persistence of elements of the traditional peasant economy in a nominally collectivised agricultural system.

Hard covers £12.00 net

Paperback £4.50 net

Changing Cultures

International Government Finance and the Amsterdam Capital Market, 1740-1815

JAMES C. RILEY

During the eighteenth century, European governments systematically began using an international credit structure based on the Amsterdam capital market. This book reconstructs that system and surveys its principal effects on the economies of European nations, particularly the Netherlands.

£16.50 net

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Weidentfeld & Nicolson

Weidenfeld & Nicolson

Arabia, The Gulf and the West
J. B. KELLY £15.00

Bog-Trotter
DORY PREVIN £6.95

Country House Camera
CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES £9.95

Ermine Tales
THE EARL OF CARNARVON £5.95

Fin-de-Siecle Vienna
CARL E. SCHORSKE £15.00

Fly Me, I'm Freddie!
ROGER EGLIN
AND BERRY RITCHIE £7.95

Genius in the Drawing Room
Edited by
PETER QUENNEL £8.50

Great Zoos of the World
Edited by
LORD ZUCKERMANN £12.50

Healthcare
MIRIAM STOPPARD £6.95

The History of the Sudan
THIRD EDITION
P. M. HOLT
AND M. W. DALY £10.00/£4.95

A Nervous Splendour
FREDERIC MORTON £8.95

**Rupert Brooke:
His Life and his Legend**
JOHN LEHMANN £7.95

Sinai:
The Great and Terrible Wilderness
BURTON BERNSTEIN £7.95

The Three Edwards
War and State in England 1272-1377
MICHAEL PRESTWICH £10.95

Weidenfeld & Nicolson

The cataclysm as catalyst

By Stephen Koss

JAMES TREZISE, JAMES GLEN STOVALL, and HAMID MOWLANA: *Watergate: A Crisis for the World* 260pp. Oxford: Pergamon Press, £15. 0 08 020582 8

You have to hand it to those Americans. Generous to a fault, they did not board *Watergate* for themselves, but offered it as "a crisis for the world". That, at any rate, is how the Nixonian Nightmares are interpreted by these Media Men—James Trezise, James Glen Stovall, and Hamid Mowlanah—who have evaluated its export value. The markets on which they concentrate are France and Britain, each with its own patterns of news consumption. It is a curious exercise, feebly conceived and shoddily executed, in their attempt to gauge foreign responses to American domestic disorders, the authors reveal nothing so much as the limitations of their quasi-sociological techniques, their ignorance of historical fact, and their abuse of language.

"This book is not about Watergate," the investigators declare at the outset:

It is about images, national stereotypes, attitudes, perception, press bias, and "freedom of the press". . . . *Watergate* provides an unique conceptual filter for analyzing British and French attitudes towards the US, and a mirror for reflecting many un-stated beliefs regarding their own countries.

After invoking Ashley Montagu, Webster's Universal Dictionary, and other distinguished theorists, they proceed to a set of observations of startling banality for one thing, "people in different geographical locations have different things to perceive—animals, vegetation, weather conditions, food, customs"; for another, "the world has shrunk at an incredible rate during the past few decades". Communication is the name of the game. *Watergate* is merely the board on which it is played.

"Why Watergate?" Why not? Although "stranger than fiction, it did happen", and qualifies as "one of relatively few examples of a national crisis of conscience" whose "worldwide political and economic impact guaranteed a broad, international audience". The audience was there, all right; but the political impact seems to have been slight, and the economic impact nonexistent. *Watergate* provided a story which only a fledgling political novelist would dare submit to a publisher. In fact, it was one that Woodward and Bernstein, rightly judged as "two greenhorn suburban writers", submitted to the Washington Post. By doing so, they were responsible for "catalysing a chain of events leading to the fall of the most powerful person on earth". People who write like that are themselves budding greenhorns.

"Why Britain and France?" Again, why not? Or *pourquoi pas?* The French assisted "the rebellious refugees" in their successful attempt "to shed an unrepresentative Crown", as symbolized by a square, "right across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House", named after "a medieval Frenchman for his support during the Revolution". (Eventually, and more materially, "the United States" reimbursed "the Lafayette debt" with substantial "financial aid" to France from the Marshall Plan.) Like the US at A, France and Britain "operate under a tripartite system of government containing 'executive' (the President), 'legislative' (the Congress), and 'judicial' (the Supreme Court) branches. There are, of course, certain profound differences, not the least of which is that "Britain and the US are predominantly Anglo-Saxon cultures, while France is predominantly Latin". Furthermore, "Britain has maintained a 'special relationship' with the United States, often eliciting decision and/or aid from other nations", while "France, looking through a multi-polar filter, resents and distrusts superpower politics and the 'domination' of the United States". Whether these distinctions make France and Britain either more or less comparable is less striking than their utter superficiality.

Watergate, unabashedly described as "a catch-all scenario", affords "a unique research opportunity for uncovering some latent and not-so-latent attitudes about the American political system and its crisis functioning". In what avail? The authors depict "the view from Fleet Street" in a style worthy of Mickey Spillane:

The afternoon of August 8, 1974 was a short one for Louis Heren. The squat, mustachioed deputy editor of *The Times* was awaiting word from Washington that Richard Nixon, under siege from the continuous revelations of *Watergate*, was going to resign. . . . His days in the Oval Office were numbered.

The British press, at least as personified by Heren, demonstrated its "international outlook", allegedly the product of an empire mentality that assumes Britain's importance in the world, the fact that Britain, more than any other Western industrialized nation, is dependent on international trade for her livelihood; the large circulations of British newspapers in Europe and many national capitals once part of the empire.

Maybe *Watergate* was not so significant after all.

In a wildly impressionistic catalogue, *The Times* is rated as "Great Britain's paper of record: leftist-conservative preferring the Tories because they're gentlemen while favouring the Labourites because they have better ideas". The *Financial Times* is "distinguished by the pink paper on which it is printed: goes to the men in the bowler hats who work in 'The City'". The *Guardian* is "read by intellectuals and intellectual pretenders". The *Daily Telegraph* is "the most popular" of the middle-class, firmly allied with the Conservative Party. In the *Daily Express*, the authors find Lord Beaverbrook's "philosophy . . . still alive and thriving". And so on. They are not only frequently mistaken, but also hopelessly outdated. Not surprisingly, given its political predilections, the *Telegraph* prized "the truest friend Nixon had among the British press". Not surprisingly, either, "rarely, if ever, was *The Guardian* stodgy about what was happening". *The Times*, notwithstanding Heren's "inter-petty circumlocution" and unidentified Washington sources, "was more schizophrantic", as signalled by "the

strange case of Richard Levin". *The Observer*, like *The Times*, noted that Nixon "swayed heavily" under duress. The *Daily Mirror*, true to form, treated the affair as "a second-rate scandal". And the *Sun*, owned by Rupert Murdoch, "an abrasive Australian", could not have cared less.

With a different structure, the French press offered somewhat different perspectives. Its history is briefly sketched ("Not notorious for enacting libertarian measures, Napoleon saw no use for an independent press") in the purpose of establishing its "depoliticization". Because Paris is less pivotal than London as a journalistic centre, attention is paid to regional papers, most notably *L'Est Républicain* ("headquartered in Nancy"), and newspapers like *L'Express*. *Le Monde* families "paper of record" had the tenacity to suggest "that the way America was handling the scandal left a lot to be desired, and perhaps it should become a little more like Europe". *L'Express*, with Pierre Salinger and Art Buchwald among its contributors, had a nasty habit of adopting foreign names to French phonetics. As translated, some of the French reports make little sense. But, for all their gibes at "journalistic jargon", Messrs Trezise, Stovall, and Mowlanah express themselves no better in English.

Watergate reinforced the image of Americans "organized and used for the law", reportedly illustrated by a quotation from a Belfast schoolgirl who feared the violence of New York. Imported television programmes and films, "drawing larger and larger audiences", had already fostered a view of American criminality. In Britain, "Women break themselves out over Telly Savalas's language and bald head when he plays *Kojak*, and men stayed glued to the pedestrian antics of Angie Dickinson in *Police Woman*". In France, "old Edward G. Robinson or Humphrey Bogart flicks often fill the film-of-the-week slot". The prose is acceptable, and the ideas—if they may be dignified as such—are jejune. Their "conceptual filter" having failed them, the authors succumb to the national stereotypes they deplore. More than methodological, they lack a good dictionary. It was bad enough that *Watergate* smelled like Billingsgate, without hearing it said like it as well. Expletives deleted, of course.

Through a glass, drunkenly

By Andrew Sinclair

W. J. ROBAUGH: *The Alcoholic Republic: An American Tradition* 302pp. Oxford University Press, £9.50. 0 19 502584 9

The Alcoholic Republic appears to give a view as small as a keg or Diogenes' tub. It deals with American drinking habits between 1730 and 1840. Yet with such a petty circumference it aspires to encompass a reinterpretation of American social and cultural history.

The ambition of the book leads to its potential importance and minor failures. W. J. Robaugh has taken his Berkeley doctoral thesis and surgically removed from the body of the work the six appendices of tables and recipes, and has rewritten a spare and thorough text with economy, style, wit and speculation.

This praise is due because such success is rare. Just as nothing has ever been achieved in this genre, so nothing is further from stimulating writing than a doctoral thesis. The flaws in this exciting and erudite published work are, indeed, those of recklessness and exaggeration, not of organization or research.

Dr. Robaugh begins by stating his objection to the "water-gate" view of American history. Recent studies of New England towns have shown that the American people did not radically change at the time of the Revolution, but in the Age of Jackson, but that the social order was evolutionary, and was transformed slowly over many decades. He also accepts the theory of "in-

teractions" and tends not to assign pre-eminence to certain causes and effects nor to class divisions and dialectic. By this technique, various themes in economic, social, cultural and psychological history may be interwoven in order to show the separate but equal influences on a society at a given time.

His use of his interactions is usually admirable. His economic history is based on sound quantitative research, which is the more impressive for the statistics are often lacking. He even studies the amount of liquor recommended by thirty-nine cookery books over a period of sixty-four years to show that the recipes steadily diminished the alcohol in the cake-mix. He proves without a doubt that American men drank far too much between the Revolution and the 1820s, when the temperance movement began to flourish.

His economic reasons for that social phenomenon are often original and usually credible. He compares rural America with poor countries in Northern Europe and shows that distilling hard liquor was the best way to convert perishable grain and fruit into liquid capital, as well as the shrewdest way out of a log-cabin and a long winter. His arguments there can, indeed, be supported by his refusal to make much of the American women in the temperance or revival movements. He concentrates on the three million men who drank sixty million gallons of hard liquor annually, not on the nine million bachelors who drank one-fifth of that amount between them. Of course, if he had taken the time and space to look at the women and children, he could not have called his book *The Alcoholic Republic*. Only at the end does he generalize "masculine" and "feminine" cultures.

This theory leads to an improbable conclusion. He claims that a psychological and emotional change

took place in the fifty years after the American Revolution. That made the American man of 1840 more akin to the male of 1990 than more akin to the male of 1790. He claims for instance, that the slump in the West of the 1820s was mainly due to a whiskey glut because hard liquor had replaced money out there. He ignores the extraordinary speculation in land and transport systems that led to the collapse of wildcat banks and western solvency.

Yet to be fair to Dr. Robaugh, he does preface such inclusive passages with the phrase "I believe that" when he knows that his argument is only 50 per cent proof. His treatment of the Irish is another case in point. He loves Ireland, out of his comparative list of poor Northern European countries because of its failure to turn an agricultural and population surplus before the famine into industrial and technological change. But he does give a telling description of the reasons why the Irish-Americans drank too much as river boatmen and canal diggers.

Like a mosaic-builder, he picks out what fits his glittering generalization, ignoring what does not fit or else condensing too much. Perhaps his oddest omission is his refusal to make much of the American women in the temperance or revival movements. He concentrates on the three million men who drank sixty million gallons of hard liquor annually, not on the nine million bachelors who drank one-fifth of that amount between them. Of course, if he had taken the time and space to look at the women and children, he could not have called his book *The Alcoholic Republic*. Only at the end does he generalize "masculine" and "feminine" cultures.

This theory leads to an improbable conclusion. He claims that a psychological and emotional change

took place in the fifty years after the American Revolution. That made the American man of 1840 more akin to the male of 1990 than more akin to the male of 1790. He claims for instance, that the slump in the West of the 1820s was mainly due to a whiskey glut because hard liquor had replaced money out there. He ignores the extraordinary speculation in land and transport systems that led to the collapse of wildcat banks and western solvency.

Yet to be fair to Dr. Robaugh, he does preface such inclusive passages with the phrase "I believe that" when he knows that his argument is only 50 per cent proof. His treatment of the Irish is another case in point. He loves Ireland, out of his comparative list of poor Northern European countries because of its failure to turn an agricultural and population surplus before the famine into industrial and technological change. But he does give a telling description of the reasons why the Irish-Americans drank too much as river boatmen and canal diggers.



A commercial illustration by Edward Hopper from Edward Hopper's "Illustrator, see page 611"

The ideology of the steam-bath

By Robert Boyers

ROBERT K. MARTIN: *The Homosexual Tradition in American Poetry* 250pp. University of Texas Press, \$17.95. 0 292 73009 8

There are at present in the United States several accomplished poets who have let it be known that they are homosexuals. Some of them write openly about their personal relationships or explore in their poems the lives of homosexual precursors with whom—in one degree or another—they obviously identify. Others are content to move in homosexual literary circles while creating a poetry that defies definition as sexual statement. The situation is interesting. One wonders why so many of the most original writers are homosexuals. Since there is no longer any need for these people to conceal their sexual preference, it may not be said that they are forced to be inventive in a way not required of other writers. One's impulse is to propose that these gifted people just happen to be homosexuals, that the numbers will shift the other way before long, and that in any case no good can come of classing writers by sexual preference. On the whole I believe this is a salutary impulse, though there may be more to the matter. There are reasons, surely, for the remarkable—some would say alarming—representation of homosexuals in the American literary and artistic communities. But it is a long way from acknowledging and looking into this to deciding that there is a homosexual tradition and a coherent ideology which at once supports and validates that tradition.

Robert K. Martin's book is more than a work of literary history. It is a frankly political work which advocates positions on a number of important issues. Its focus on poets and poetry never obscures the fact

that it is a personal book, that it espouses a reordering of political, cultural, and literary priorities which answers deeply to the needs of Professor Martin himself. There is nothing objectionable in the critic's decision to write out of himself, as it were. Successful critics do so all the time, many without acknowledging the operant personal bias. We tolerate, even welcome the consequent discourse when we feel that the materials at issue are being handled scrupulously. It is not the pretence of perfect detachment or objectivity that weighs in our souls of the thing, but the communicated intelligence of the critical witness. Martin's book demonstrates certain modest literary skills, but these skills are unfortunately set in the service of an ideology so riddled with contradiction, so arrogant and banal, that one knows not what to make of it all. Were it an isolated case, a merely silly or pretentious or shallow book, one would be content to let it alone. But this is more than a standard academic volume, and it attempts to confer new literary status upon developments which have come more and more to the fore in recent intellectual life. Insofar as the case for homosexuality as a privileged mode of consciousness has come to be made with increasing insistence in our time, and is accorded largely uncritical tolerance by Anglo-American intellectuals, it seems to me essential that we engage the argument wherever we can. Martin's book may not be an intelligent defence of a pernicious ideology, but it is all too characteristic of the efforts lately under way. The focus on American poetry must not obscure the fact that more is at stake than the relection of contemporary writers to Martin's good gay poet, the redoubtable Walter Whitman.

Whitman is of course the pivotal figure for Martin. Though recent studies by Harold Bloom, Hyatt Waggoner and others identify

Emerson as the central influence in American poetry, a book with a homosexual orientation will necessarily select Whitman instead. Without him, in fact, without the example and encouragement he provides, it would not be possible even to think of a homosexual tradition. Whitman serves because he did clearly produce a body of fittingly impressive work, because he represented something like a coherent point of view in his poems and tracts, and because he did exert an influence—for better or worse—on gifted poets like Hart Crane, Theodore Roethke, and Allen Ginsberg. Martin thinks to make a case for Whitman as a model, not for the various heterosexual poets like Roethke who adopted his long line and some of his robust lyricism, but for poets who needed a way to come to terms with their own sexual nature. From this perspective, Whitman is less a poet with various literary strategies to enact than a democratic enthusiast with values to distribute, repressions to overcome, and lovers to attract. The poets who follow in his train may not sound like Whitman, may even deplore the slovenliness of his verses and the affected naïveté of his posturings. They are, all the same—so the brief asserts—in his tradition, for where would they be without his having first knocked over the dominant bourgeois conventions? If homosexuals are presently permitted to identify themselves as such in their verses, they owe that fact to the poet who first got away with it when the risks were more palpable.

Professor Martin spends a good deal of time ridiculing various "straight" critics who thought that Whitman was to prove he was not sexually "deviant". But the issue is, now as then, a false one. Martin himself concedes that Whitman may not ever have "engaged" in genital sex with another man. The poet was himself so eager to

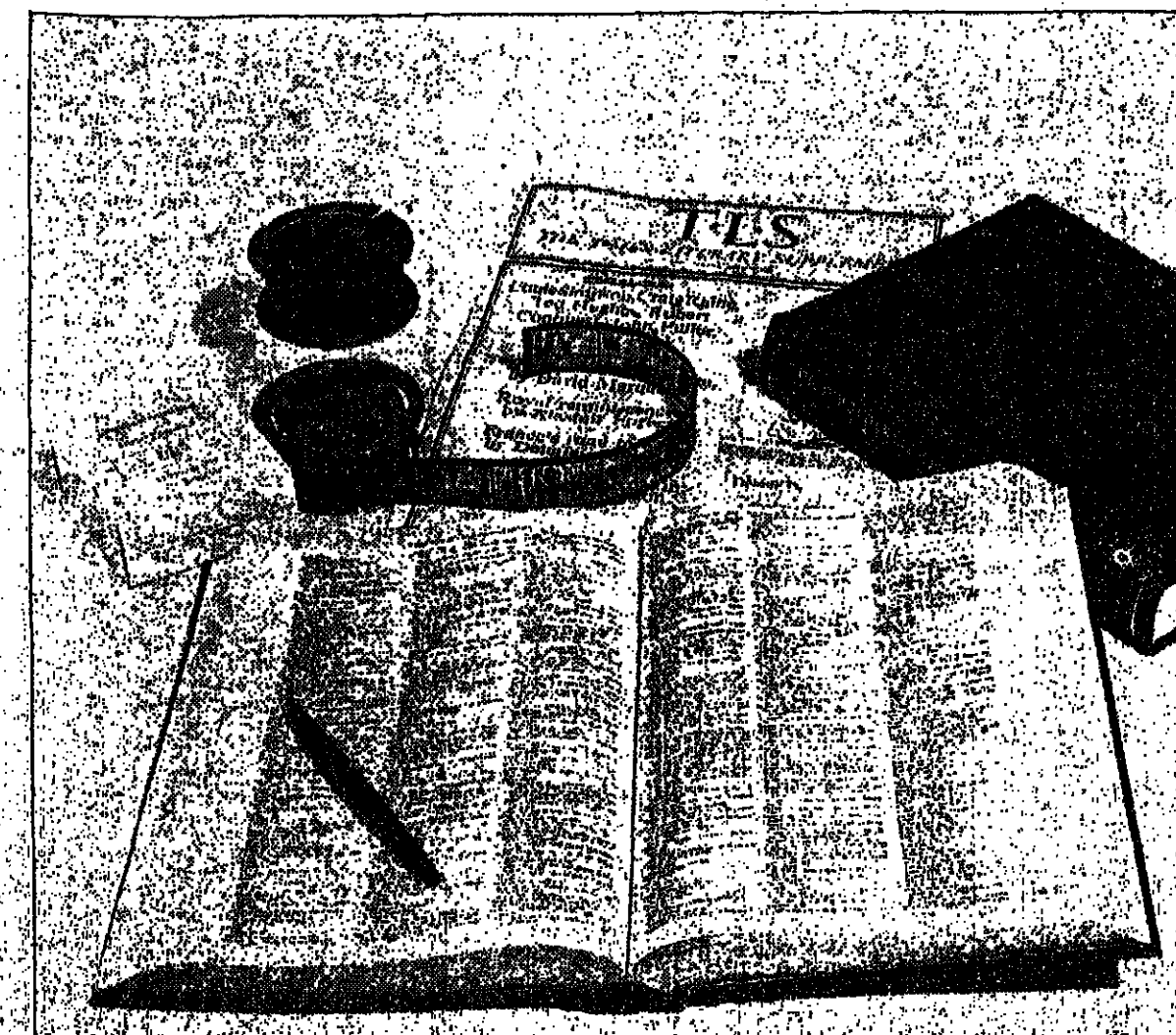
cover his tracks that it seems a pity to nag at him through the documents that survive. Supposing he did have male lovers and was an active participant in homosexual affairs—what does this show? According to Martin, it shows that Whitman's attempts to include "women in his poems or to sing the glories of heterosexual love were strategies designed to conceal from the censors what were in fact his real concerns. It shows, moreover, that Whitman was the kind of homosexual truly suited to found and inspire a tradition throughout his book. Martin argues that Whitman defined himself as a homosexual and did everything he could to fly directly in the face of bourgeois values. But there are fundamental questions he refuses to engage. In what degree is homosexuality essential to the adversary postures Whitman struck? How evident and how useful are the homosexual elements in Whitman's best work? Is there any point—beyond securing publicity—in transcribing Whitman's mostly vague homo-erotic metaphors and occasional fantasies into explicit terms that make him into a programmatic rebel and a forerunner of contemporary gay rights activists? Finally, is there a body of work by other poets sufficiently close in form and spirit to Whitman to make us feel that there is indeed a living tradition? Once these questions have been addressed, it is possible to move on to the more crucial issues at stake here.

The adversary postures celebrated by Martin are familiar to almost everyone who has lived through the past twenty-five years. To the positive values of socialism and democracy he adds an opposition to all directed activity and to all "distinctions of age, class, beauty, and gender". The primary enemies are capitalism, aggression, male domination, and ownership. What separates Martin from the other social critics is his conviction that these goals

and the radical energies that multi-lize activity on their behalf are best managed by homosexuals. How so? If it is the case that ordinary heterosexuality is repressive, a function of standardized behavioural models systematically imposed upon us by "society", no one comfortable with those models may be said to have arrived at them for himself. The radical temper will be lacking. What is more, participation in heterosexual intercourse is inherently capitalistic: it calls into play the "male domination and ownership" which are constraint factors in unequal relationships. Only relations between equals—for Martin, between those of the same sex—can produce the kind of democratic satisfactions which alone can generate beneficial social values.

Professor Martin fails to correct his argument by stating the obvious: that there are as many different kinds of relationship possible among heterosexual persons as there are among homosexuals. Only one who sees relationship as the physical position assumed and the depth of genital or anal penetration achieved can imagine that models of human nature can be so neatly described. What is more, since many radical critics in our time and in the time of Whitman have seen no necessary connection between politics and sexual affiliation, and were themselves heterosexual, the case for the one as dependent upon the other would seem untenable. Is this too obvious to say? We do not argue here the relative merits of socialism and capitalism or the relation between directed activity and the freedom Martin thinks he values. We argue only that there is no clear relation between homosexuality and adversary postures of a political or cultural nature. Whitman is a good test case because he seems to embody the various qualities Martin wishes to exalt as a single posture. Would Whitman have agreed to be made use of in this way? No one who has read his poems with an

TLS CUMULATIVE INDEX



first part now available

"A unique and most comprehensive index comprising references to all authors, editors, illustrators, translators, etc., as well as the title and the subject of the book."

The first part of the TLS Cumulative Index covering the years 1902-1939 is now available. Price £150. This index is bound into two volumes A-K and L-Z and consists of 1782 pages containing over 350,000 references. The second part, covering the years 1940-1980, will consist of over 650,000 references, and be available in the autumn of 1981.

70 DEUTSCHER BIBLIOTHEKARTAG
WUPPERTAL 27-30 MAI 1980

BITTE BESUCHEN SIE UNS
AM STAND 25
IM BIBLIOTHEKSGEBAUDE

An illustrated descriptive brochure is available free from the publishers, and will be sent on request. To order the TLS Cumulative Index, or receive your brochure please contact:

Newspaper Archive
Developments Limited

HOLYBROOK HOUSE, CASTLE STREET
READING RG1 7SN, ENGLAND
Telephone: 0734-689247/8 • Telex: 848936 NADL G

intelligent sympathy will think so. He was not a subtle man.

But he knew that his was a special nature, and that there were different ways of bearing witness to a truth. He did, in *Democratic Vistas*, describe the future as dependent in some way upon a "fervid communionship," a "mutual friendship, fond and loving, pure and sweet, strong and life-long, carried to degrees hitherto unknown, not only giving tone to individual characters, and making it unprecedentedly emotional, muscular, heroic and refined, but having the deepest relations to general politics." If Whitman meant thereby to say that only homosexuals would have a proper idea of the good life, and the character to realize democratic ambitions, he was as much of a fool as his detractors routinely claim. I should think he meant rather to say that a revolution on behalf of democratic values could best be undertaken by persons capable of disinterested admiration and unstinting affection, and of behaving without a repertoire of received postures and attitudes. The characteristic tendency to vague sentiment and overstatement is to be noted however one reads the passage, but there are good reasons to believe that my reading is the one Whitman would have preferred. No one so zealous as he to celebrate ordinary relations and the lives of heterosexual heroes like Lincoln can have intended to call into being a republic led by a self-promoting homosexual vanguard.

There is enough homo-erotic suggestion in Whitman to satisfy even Professor Martin, who is nonetheless at constant pains to discover what is nowhere to be found. What Martin wants, in fact, is an explicit homosexual component which will serve as a rallying point for timid homosexuals who need detailed descriptions of anal intercourse to woo them away from the milder consolations of vague fantasy or sentiment. And since Martin passes up nothing that comes easily to hand, he is wont to grab hold of any fleshy item in Whitman and wring it for the hard evidence he demands. Throughout the one half of the book devoted to Whit-

man one finds examples of the "homo-erotic gloss": "the fallen penis may rise again" or, better yet, "One must accept the penis beneath the forehead, the erect penis, and the penis after coitus." What instigation for this unimportant is provided by Whitman in the poems themselves? Here is one of the more explicit passages cited by Martin:

Is this then a touch? quivering me to a new identity... On all sides prurient provokers stir, ening my limbs. Straining the udder of my heart for its withheld drip, Behaving licentious towards me, taking no denial, Depriving me of my best as for a purpose. Unbuttoning my clothes, holding me by the bare wrist, Delecting my confusion with the calm of the sunlight and pagoda-fields. Inmolestedly sliding the yellow-bellied gossamer away, They bled to swap off with touch and go and graze at the edges of me.

No consideration, no regard for my draining strength or my anger... No published poem of Whitman seems to me to go beyond this in sheer erotic cunning, the speaker's confusion and resistance working to intensify the excitement and to make the final submission to the reverie an ambivalent satisfaction. It does not matter that some may take the passage for a simple masturbation fantasy and nothing more. The point is that there is more to *Song of Myself* than this kind of fantasy would suggest. There is variety, a broad responsiveness to all manner of things, from grand opera to bird song. There is indiscriminate enthusiasm, the body does seem most wonderful and satisfactory to Whitman than it is likely to seem to others who have watched it decline or growed with the agonies it can inflict. But there is, clearly, more in Whitman than the ejaculatory urgency hope-fully ascribed to him by Professor Martin. No wonder that, in order to support his thesis, the determined professor is driven to turn, with apparent relish, to the unpublished manuscript versions of a few

Whitman poems. There he finds, among other stimulating details, an explicit description of felled penis to prove that "Song of Myself," like Whitman's other major works, is a poem with "real" sexual content. The trouble is that one can also find, in the same long poems, plenty of heterosexual content, and that in any case the explicit sexual material can in no way be said to constitute the content of the poem as a whole was designed to communicate.

Consider, in this regard, the concluding sections of "Song of Myself." Why would the poet have displaced the content of his poem to so crucial a point? If he wished to make a case for homosexual experience as the *finis* and *non* of everything good and lively and free, why did he choose to lay final emphasis upon other qualities, upon the capacity to speak "honestly" to "contain multitudes," to feel oneself a part of all that nurtures and grows?

Martin only once confronts the disturbing thought that there is a sexual bias in his way of continuing the race, and that even a poet like Allen Ginsberg has considered seriously "the need to embrace some form of heterosexuality." To this Martin responds with the suggestion that there is a simple "cavalier" in "creativity." No wonder his sympathy for Whitman is so partial.

At various points in his study, Martin cites a clearly heterosexual passage in Whitman, only to remark that, "Here, as so often in 'Song of Myself' the content appears to be heterosexual, though only in symbolic terms." The station which Whitman evokes as a "symbol of the male lover" suggests that the symbol is nothing in itself, that only what is signified can properly claim our attention. Like many ideologues, Martin wants to have things both ways: when it serves his purpose, he will devalue the symbolic relation; elsewhere, he will insist upon its primacy. In fact, the station does serve as a symbol in Whitman, but like other symbols in poetry, it signifies much more than a particular person or thing. It has the quality of something rich in possibility and extension; it casts shadows. Martin's insistence upon literal translation would deprive the figure of its power to give a various delight and turn it into an obvious device.

The critic does even make terrible things: a poem by Edgar Poe, in that the words "black-swollen gates" are made into "an explicit depiction of a recognizable sexual act: the anus of the lover, which finally opens." To consider Crane's "Voyages, III," as Martin recommends, is to see, for a moment, what he wishes us to take for evidence. But just as quickly do we conclude that several key elements in the poem must any such reading, and that in any case Crane's power throughout resides in his holding meaning just beyond the grasp of any categorical intention. In Whitman too metaphor typically serves to open up rather than to determine meaning, and symbolic references are always elusive and unstable. This is no reason to discount the symbolic dimension, as Martin does when it seems to invoke heterosexual content. Inevitably the symbolic or metaphorical equivalences constitute the very heart of most poems, and no willful insistence upon literal or unambiguous statement can distract us from the poet's plural intentions.

The literal translation of metaphor into explicit diagrams of physical encounter has, of course, a political purpose we mean shortly to explore. At its most vulgar, though, it converts the visionary gaze into a plain-language, layman's guide. The text of the poem, it is a falsification of the biographical record and of the poetry itself. Whitman may have wanted to be taken for an activist, but in fact his poems describe a dreamer whose characteristic mode is fantasy, not rebellion. To turn the impassioned exclamations into political dogma is to suppose that the poetry is, itself, a vehicle for a set of ideas, a blueprint for a particular lifestyle, or a strategy. Martin's view of poems as literary documents and of aesthetics as ideological judgments, as it were, after the fact, has much to do with his inability to read without seeking confirmation for what he already knows.

Whitman's influence has never been exerted uniformly or predictably on any group of poets. Contemporaries treated in Martin's book are as different from one another as they are from the heterosexual poets with whom, none the less, they may fruitfully be compared. To say that the poets included "used their texts as ways of announcing and defining their homosexuality" is, on the whole, a barren proposition. Richard Wilbur's dramatic monologues or dialogues for two voices, whatever the proportion of homosexual characters they include, are not autobiographical statements. In their way as brilliant and resonant with implication as Browning at his best, they enact a strange tension that has nothing to do with the homosexual's need to catalogue his favourite positions. Likewise, James Merrill's elegant ironies have more to do with the carefully arranged surfaces of Richard Wilbur than with the self-asserting postures of Whitman or Allen Ginsberg. Apparently unable to take no for an answer, Martin blunders confidently from one figure to another, demonstrating in spite of himself that there is no homosexual tradition and that the better poets he selects have better things to do than to boast about their achievements in the bedrooms and steam baths of New York.

But let us turn to the political content of this book. In essence, Martin argues that the "tradition" inaugurated by Whitman has produced an adversarial spirit that promises to improve the quality of life among us. He offers no explanation for the failure of this tradition to take hold, but he is satisfied that conditions are looking up. Homosexuals at least are free to express themselves as they like, and the values they espouse are no longer dismissed so routinely as they were in the past. Martin has no patience with those who think homosexuality "unwholesome," and he concedes that "repressive sexuality" is still the norm. Still, the appearance in America of several accomplished homosexual poets should give reason for hope, and everywhere the "system" is under stress.

It is not simply Whitman's attraction to other men, but the very special nature of this attraction that stimulates Professor Martin to celebrate his example. For it is perhaps the central contention of this book that, in order to promote democracy as a spiritual and political objective, homosexual experience must be sought and achieved with anonymous partners. "Anonymous sex," Martin argues, "is an important way station on the path to the abolition of distinctions of age, class, beauty, and gender." Homosexuals may find long-term partners, quite in the way that married people do, but always there must remain a readiness to venture beyond the stable relation, to respond ecstatically to the vagrant promise.

Interestingly, the word "promiscuity" never appears in this study, and it is clear that Martin would rank it with the word "unwholesome" as an empty and dismissive term signifying pathetic incomprehension. In the brave new world to come, "long-lasting affection between human beings" becomes a secondary goal, yielding pride of place to "instantaneous sexual attraction between two strangers as they pass in the street." Whitman's capacity to embrace multitudes has never before taken on so literal an aspect. "Do you know what it is as you pass to be loved by strangers?" Whitman asks in "Song of the Open Road." "Do you know the talk of these turning eye-balls?"

Reader-renders may have thought the sexual feeling suffusing these questions a generalized sort of thing, portending not so much exotic genital refreshments as more mundane comradely excursions. There is, to be sure, "the shuddering, longing ache of contact" in Whitman, but it is evoked in the context of a satisfaction that is only intermittently erotic. Must one really think of anal intercourse in order to follow out the meaning of those turning eye-balls? Or the large and melodious thoughts? Whitman is brought to entertain? And is it really the case that every reference to the love of Whitman is in "What gives me to be free to a woman's and man's good will?" is an enforced or dishonest reference?

Funny, nothing to Whitman ever seemed to me unwholesome until I agreed to set in place Martin's grosser lenses. It is not the intimation of a vague, if potentially profound, truth that is offensive, at least not as it appears in Whitman.

What offends is the critic's celebration of promiscuity as if it were an achievement worthy to stand beside other exemplary feats. It is also a fact that much of the "serious" promotion of literature and journalism distributed in the temporary homosexual activities of the same ideological bias is promoting liberation or in any way to punish those who do what they like with other consenting adults. But the de-inhibition represented by the campaign on behalf of promiscuity or promiscuous sex is a rhetoric of gay rights activists and censorious homosexual academics like Professor Martin is dangerous and vile because it pretends to be something that it is not. It parades a campaign for democracy and equality while promoting a total indifference to actual persons and the reduction of human conduct to the grating of organs. One need not defend a repressive sexual morality or the conventions of bourgeois marriage to be appalled at the way in which Martin blithely says of Whitman's encounters that they "could well be repeated in almost any steam bath of a modern large city."

Is it, again, too obvious to suggest that the people who immerse themselves in these books are not likely to enjoy the robust and healthy nature actually celebrated by Whitman? That they are likely to be disturbed, yes, disturbed and crippled persons enacting fantasies of release or liberation that can have no real effect on the world or importance they experience when they confront real people capable of making complex emotional demands? Martin devotes no sentence to the thought—fit it never occur to him?—that some kinds of behavior are more than they represent, as in the lives of pervers, an interposition of the subject and those with whom he attempts sexual relations. For those who suffer, only sympathy and assistance are appropriate to those who are satisfied to do things in their own special way, there is tolerance and, perhaps, respect. For the delusional and often rigid ideologues, nothing less than frontal criticism will do.

Professor Martin chafes too much in this book about preserving "the integrity of the individual selves" which means, apparently, protecting men from damaging or intimidating contacts with women and children. He claims for Whitman and other homosexuals an intuitive sympathy for the plight of women "in a patriarchal society" though the best he can recommend for them is release from "repressive sexuality" and from child-rearing. The child itself he describes as "a product... which will continue to feed the economic system." Homosexuals, he insists, have a responsibility to enjoy themselves and, if possible, to make a spectacle of it, and to walk arm and arm in the streets. They are not busy in the factory or bogeying children. No doubt it is hopeless to argue with the like Martin, to propose that the routines of child-rearing may mean early reversion and life-enhancing even for enlightened parents, that many children grow up to do to their parents what the economic system today less from an inability to change than from the various temptations and inducements set before them. Certainly Martin is entitled to his view of these things, though he does his position. It is a little demonstrating how fully it is a kind of simple aversion and constant reflex: it is tempting to propose to answer Martin's questions, to come up with complex, inappreciable alternative propositions, a game fully legitimized by Martin's avowed, in his own words, "What we do is right and what we affirm is right."

But enough. It is kinder to let that the case for homosexuality as a privileged mode of consciousness and as a necessary basis for a radical political radicalism has not yet been made? The late Newton Arvin, in *Modernism*, wrote of Whitman as an American literary critical figure. Martin for the homosexual tradition, may have had as little justification for his statement that "homosexuality is only one of the sexualities" as he has for his writer's work. But it is more modest and more plausible than the more modest and more plausible that is clarified by knowledge of the state of knowledge of the more encouraging description.

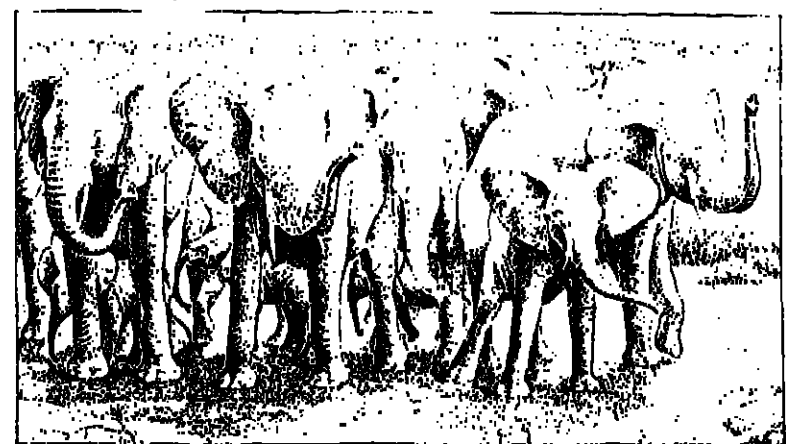
Eight truly splendid books that will never be best sellers.

The reviews have been impressive.

Nature hailed E.O. Wilson's *Sociobiology* as "a new synthesis, of wide perspective and great authority." Ernest Samuel's *Bernard Berenson* is "utterly absorbing from the first page to the last" according to the *London Times*.

Yet, despite the acclaim, these eight books from Harvard University Press will not become "blockbusters." They will, however, provide booklovers with many pleasurable and intriguing hours; They will also provide scholars with some of the richest new ideas in their fields.

By their very nature, these books will appeal to the few, rather than the many. But for those few, they will make splendid reading.



Sociobiology

The Abridged Edition

Eduard O. Wilson

Drawings by Sarah Landry

The critics called *Sociobiology*:

"An evolutionary event."—*New York Times Book Review*

"A towering theoretical achievement."—*Contemporary Sociology*

In this edition, Wilson trims his monumental work to its essential argument. Now general readers can discover for themselves what sociobiology is and why it has created such furor.

Belknap \$11.10 cloth; \$5.95 paper illustrated

Suffer the Future

Policy Choices in Southern Africa

Robert I. Rotberg

"Rotberg's book does what I would not have thought possible: Gives a concise, highly readable, fair and informed picture of... the most fascinating place on earth, South Africa."—Anthony Lewis

Available in July, \$9.00

Russian Art and American Money, 1900-1940

Robert C. Williams

"What a tale, and what a cast of characters!... Williams relates some good yarns and casts light on a shadowy aspect of our cultural—and political—history."—*New York Magazine*

\$10.50 illustrated



Bernard Berenson

The Making of a Connoisseur

Ernest Samuel

"It is difficult to imagine a better biography or a better subject for one."—*New York Times*

"Splendid... It immerses the reader in a fascinating world of color and light and exceptional personalities."—*Chicago Tribune Book World*

Belknap \$9.50

The Letters of Gustave Flaubert, 1830-1857

Selected, edited, and translated by Francis Steegmüller

"Brilliantly edited, translated, and annotated... a splendid, intimate account of the development of a writer who changed the nature of the novel."—*New York Times*

Belknap \$7.50 illustrated

Mao's People

Sixteen Portraits of Life in Revolutionary China

B. Michael Frolic

"The book is excellent and deserves a wide readership. It provides fascinating vignettes—earthy, revealing, and convincing—of the life and thoughts of real flesh-and-blood people."—A. Doak Barnett, *The Brookings Institution*

\$9.00



Jean Renoir

The French Films, 1924-1939

Alexander Sesonske

"Sesonske's book will be published by Harvard University Press. The event means very much to me. I have carefully followed the elaboration of this review of my work. With Sesonske's book, I have my arch of triumph."—Jean Renoir

Harvard Film Studies
Available in July.
\$15.00 cloth; \$5.95 paper illustrated

Part of Nature, Part of Us

Modern American Poets

Helen Vendler

"[Vendler's] style is lively, entertaining and humane, with the boldness in generalization, the exactness of metaphor, the conciseness in summing up a poet and the deadly accuracy in locating defects, that delight both the common reader and the expert."—*Washington Post Book World*

\$10.50

Harvard University Press

126 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1

New from Johns Hopkins:

HOME AS FOUND

Authority and Genealogy in Nineteenth-Century American Literature

Eric Sundquist

Home As Found considers the words of four nineteenth-century American writers: James Fenimore Cooper, Henry David Thoreau, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Herman Melville—to demonstrate the way in which personal crisis becomes the material of larger and more engaging questions of social and historical crisis. Specifically, Eric Sundquist shows how questions of authority and genealogy in the nineteenth-century novel reflect questions of authority and genealogy that faced the newly conceived American nation.

Sundquist uses biographical and psychological materials to discuss how "the confrontation between a writer's response to his own genealogical position and his commitment with the myth of an American Eden provides an important commentary not only on the complexities of the American dream but also on each author's psychological, propagandistic, and sense of career." For each of these writers, Sundquist says, the assumption of the public role of authorship was traumatic, and triggered the elements of a larger fictional drama "in which the family appears as the constellation of forces generated within a dramatic historical context." 258 pages \$9.00.

NONSENSE

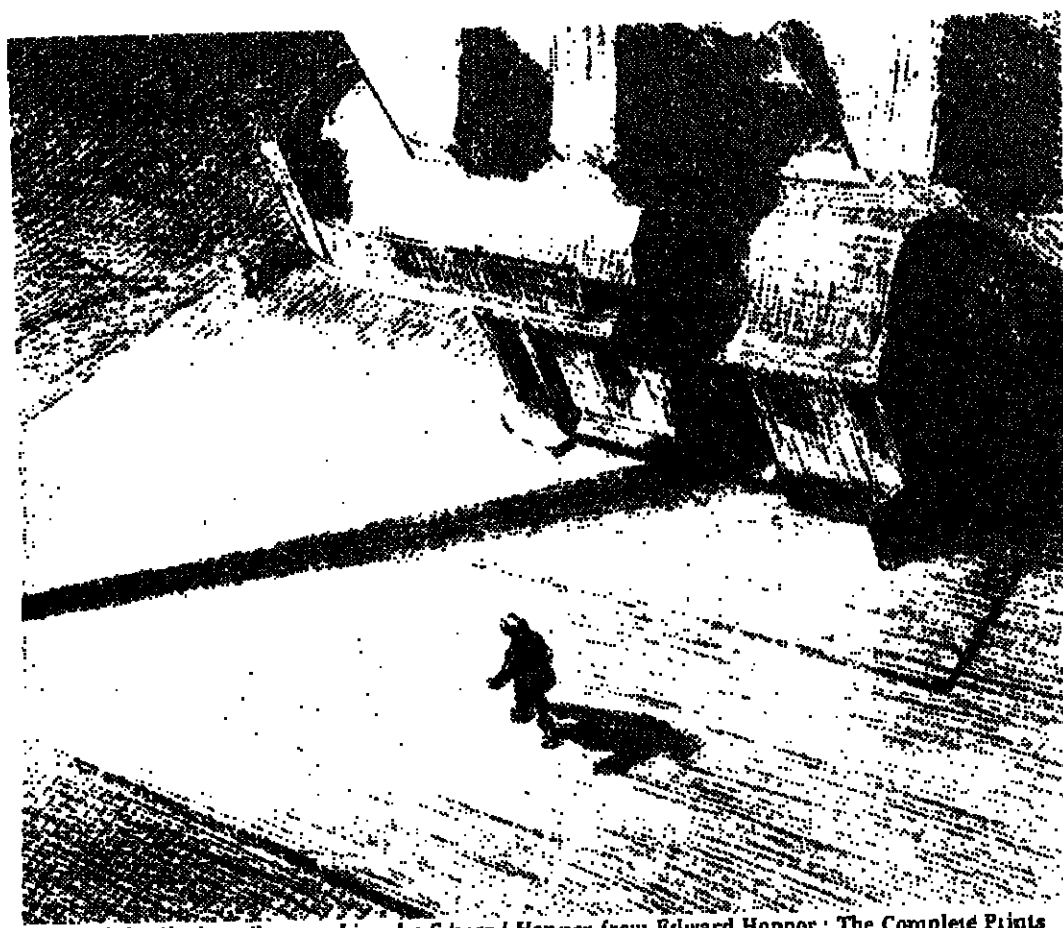
Aspects of Intertextuality in Folklore and Literature

Susan Stewart

Using textual examples from children's literature, nineteenth-century nonsense literature and "modernist" writers from Kipling to Richard Foreman, Susan A. Stewart explores the labyrinthine relationships between common sense and nonsense. "Nonsense," she demonstrates, "encompasses a set of possibilities as rich and complex as the more conventional systems for making sense from which it is derived." In her book she seeks to explore and explain the means by which common sense is transformed within the text into "nonsense." The reflexive method of this work is based on principles from ethnomethodology, play and communication theory, and semantics. Five ways of making nonsense are outlined and contrasted with the common sense assumptions they undercut: reversals and inversions, play with boundaries, play with infinity, play with structure, and play with meaning and rearrangement within a closed field. Her book concludes with a discussion of the place of paradox in nonsense. 224 pages \$7.75.

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY PRESS

24 Brook Street, London, W.1



"Night-Shadows", an etching by Edward Hopper from Edward Hopper: The Complete Prints by Gail Levin, which is reviewed by Celina Fox on the facing page.

The heart of Mississippi

By Holly Eley

MICHAEL KREYLING:

Eudora Welty's Achievement of Order
186pp. Louisiana State University Press, £10.50.
0 8071 0553 8

There have been many critical studies of Eudora Welty's fiction, most of them emanating from below the Mason-Dixon Line. Miss Welty has been called a "stylist of the first order," an "obscurantist" and "self-consciously elliptical." Inevitably, she is categorized, together with Faulkner, Penn Warren, Crowe Ransom and Katherine Anne Porter, as one of those writers of the Southern Renaissance who have blood knowledge of what life can be in a defeated country on the bare bones of privation. Miss Welty herself has provided, few self-interpretative clues and, posted a good many "keep out" notices. In her essay "Why I Write," she warns:

Beauty may be missed or forgotten sometimes by the analysts because it is not a means, not a way of getting the story along, or furthering a thing in the way. . . .

And, again, in the same essay: "The analyst, should the story come under his eye, may miss the gentle shock and this pleasure too, for he's picked up the story at once by its heels (as if it had swallowed a button) and is examining the writhing as his own process in reverse, as though a feeling for any system of feeling could be more accessible to understanding for being upside down."

Some hints are contained in her essays on writers who have influenced her, writers such as Chisholm, E. M. Forster, Virginia Woolf and Elizabeth Bowen (to whom she dedicated *The Bridge of Iliad*), her least successful collection, partly written during a brief visit to Bowen's Court—and the only one in which most of the stories are set beyond the Mississippi state boundary. Defending herself against the examples of Jane Austen, Turgenyev and Emily Brontë and E. M. Forster, she says:

It seems plain that the art that speaks most clearly, explicitly, directly and passionately from its place of origin will remain the longest understood. It is through place that we put our roots, wherever birth chance fate, or our travelling selves set us down;

but where these roots reach to land—whether in America, England, or Timbuctoo—is the deep and running vein, eternal and consistent and everywhere purely itself—that feeds and is fed by the human understanding.

Eudora Welty's art has grown from roots put down on the Natchez Trace, just over the hill from Yoknapatawpha County ("People ask me about Faulkner. It's a big fact. Like living near a mountain." She was born in 1909, a second generation Southerner. Her forebears on both sides were country lawyers, schoolteachers and preachers. Her father, "of the gentlest possible character," became president of an insurance company in Jackson and her childhood seems to have been happy and secure. She left Jackson for two years at the University of Wisconsin and then went to the Columbia School of Business. In New York she studied advertising and worked on the side and led a quiet social life. But it was mid-Depression, impossible to find work in the North, so she returned to Mississippi, where she has remained ever since.

After a spell at radio station WJDX and some sporadic freelance journalism she found a full-time job as a junior publicity agent for the Works Progress Administration (WPA). This enabled her to bus all over Mississippi and gave her an honourable reason to talk to people in all sorts of jobs. In an intuitive and solitary way she began to write stories and to take unposed photographs of rural blacks. Once a year she travelled to New York where she hoped to sell her photographs. She took her stories with her and in 1936 a downtown camera shop gave her a one-man show at the same time as "Death of a Traveling Salesman," was accepted by the little magazine *Manuscript*.

Robert Penn Warren (his essay "Love and Separation" in Eudora Welty's *Collected Stories*) was one of the most valuable studies of Welty's work; at that time the editor of the *Southern Review*, began to publish her stories and by 1941 she was able to give up odd jobs and devote herself to writing. Recognition came quickly, during the 1940s she won the Henry Awards for "The Wide Net" and "Livvie." "Why I Live at the P.O." has been televised and her novel *The Ponder Heart* was dramatized and produced on Broadway in 1956.

Almost all Eudora Welty's fiction is set in the Yazoo Delta country or in the small towns around Jackson or on her beloved Natchez Trace. Only rarely (and not particularly happily) does she venture into the past or out of the South. Her intensity and perspective, her ability to establish imaginative com-

plicity between writer and reader in stories that vary from fairy-tale simplicity through gothic farce to nightmare fantasies, stem from her attachment to and detachment from Mississippians and the countryside and small towns in which they live.

In Eudora Welty's *Achievement of Order* (order in the sense of control over theme and point of view) Michael Kreyling sets out to bridge the gap between Southern eulogy and Northern doubts. He maintains that Eudora Welty's fiction encompasses "the general consciousness," that it is not primarily regional writing, or even excellent regional writing, but the vision of an artist who deserves to stand alongside Virginia Woolf and E. M. Forster.

Welty's fiction is a gift of more than quaint characters and picturesque settings. It is not a tour of the South, although the South is there in its scene, its various voices, and its various local colours. Welty is always directing the eye to the essence behind the curtain of appearance. The local, the picturesque, even the realistic, are the curtain's fabric. We see individual features instantly; the whole, with its richness and depths, comes into view more slowly. Life is included not only in the subject matter but also in the means of discovering it. This gives Welty's fiction a vitality that is rare and permanent. The fiction starts from the world, returns to it, leaves it richer.

Kreyling scrupulously summarizes all of Miss Welty's stories and novels and presents, apparently without prejudice, extracts from the opinions of critics both for and against her. He is good on her use of metaphor, her preoccupation with the mysteries of the inner life and her capacity (particularly in her early collections of stories, *A Curtain of Green* and *The Wide Net*) to interpret that intense moment of experience in which dreams and the real world merge.

Short stories are Miss Welty's forte and Kreyling is too fair to the novels. The anecdotal *Delta Wedding* and the later *Losing Battles* (which some Southern critics have felt able to compare with *The Sound and the Fury*) seldom rise above the banal sentimentality of Cajun Country and Western song lyrics. *The Robber Bridegroom* could well be described as "self-consciously elliptical," and her most recent novel, *The Ponder Heart*, though ostensibly inspired by *The Light House*, is less than successful in conveying the loneliness of the private self.

Neither Kreyling nor, as far as I know, Eudora Welty, other critics have remarked on what is

Letter to the Butterflies

Dear Monarchs, fellow Americans, friends have seen you and that's proof, I've heard the news: since summer you travelled 5,000 miles from our potato fields to the Yucatan. Some butterflies can bear what the lizard would never endure. I've seen butterflies weather a storm in the shell of a snail, and come out of nowhere twenty stories up in New York City. This week on the Long Island Expressway, in the dead of winter, I saw a butterfly. —stick on the rear window of a green van, a yellow and black butterfly decal the size of a hawk, the insect's body, a crucified Jesus.

Mortality is our common code, you and I may die anonymously but not like snowflakes falling. Greeks used you as an emblem of the soul, —medieval custom made the caterpillar a symbol of life, the cocoon—death, the butterfly—a sign of resurrection. The gossip: what's a butterfly beside a sunset? All color becomes black at a distance.

[2]

I remember a single butterfly with closed wings and I sleeping away a summer afternoon. When I woke I swore I'd never go beyond the field. Was there a mystical exchange? Whenever I see you I think I'm having wild luck. To whom do we owe our explanations?

In Mexico I saw the Monarchs of North America gather, a valley of butterflies surrounded by living mountains of butterflies, —the last day for many. I saw a river of Monarchs flooding the valley, black clouds of butterflies thundered overhead, yet every one remained a fragile thing. A winged colossus wearing billowing silk over a sensual woman's body waded across the valley, wagons and armies rested at her feet. A village lit fires, and the valley was a single black butterfly.

[3]

My mother is like a butterfly and all the dead with her. Some women I loved are no longer human. I offer a little summer beauty, a kind of courage, the unsettling of a marigold. Now we are less than butterflies to each other.

Butterflies, what are you in me that I should worry about your silks and powders, your damnation or apotheosis, insecticides and long-tongued lizards. I have no quarrel with you only myself for having my purpose, for the likes of you, beauties I could name. Sooner or later I hope a butterfly nights on my gray stone above my name and date questioning what is this nothingness they have done to me.

Stanley Moss

perhaps one of the most extraordinary aspects of her work. As early as 1941 she was writing about rural blacks in the South with the same understanding and intimacy that Flannery O'Connor reserved for their white counterparts. Her portrait of the slow, isolated life of country black people is unmatched by other American writers, white or black. The well-known "Livvie," the grotesque "Keola, the Outcast Indian Maiden," in which a club-footed black field hand is tricked into becoming a fairground spectacle, "Powerhouse," and "The Worm Path" are among her most satisfying stories.

"Powerhouse," an account of an urban black musician preoccupied with the mysterious death of his wife back in New York, was written after hearing Fats Waller play at a local dance. Although most of the story revolves round Powerhouse's conversation with his fellow "molesters," it is the interlude in the World Café, the local waitress ("Lord she likes talk and scarse"), and the depiction of the hirsute, fat, and blind man, "The Worm Path," in the mind. In "The Worm Path," the interlude in the World Café, the local waitress ("Lord she likes talk and scarse"), and the depiction of the hirsute, fat, and blind man, "The Worm Path," in the mind. In "The Worm Path," the interlude in the World Café, the local waitress ("Lord she likes talk and scarse"), and the depiction of the hirsute, fat, and blind man, "The Worm Path," in the mind.

with which she talks to the black and white, is as effective as her ability to deal with the city folk.

Eudora Welty has said that she writes "by ear" and her sense of rhythm is clearly evident in her prose. The *Eye of the Storm*, a collection of essays and occasional pieces, contains a meticulous and descending description of a storm forty years ago. In 1955 Welty was invited to attend a Negro Baptist church service in the parish of St. Louis, where she met the poet and dealer in black clothes (perhaps the "molesters" of the title) and was without a description of a valued friend.

It may be that Eudora Welty's ability to transcend class and race barriers, long before her death, has produced such rich and varied stories. The difference between black and her white characters is less charitable than the "black" stories singled out for acceptance. In some of outrage that she favoured "laughter" over "tragedy," the Nashville-born Agardians, should be treated as how

Wallace Stevens, in a letter written half-a-year before his death, remarked that Walt Whitman's "good things, the superbly beautiful and moving things, are those that he wrote naturally, with an extemporaneous and irrepressible vehemence of emotion." True and revealing of Stevens's best work, rather than of Whitman's, the remark illustrates a central vehemence of American poetic tradition. The best poets of that climate are hermetic precisely when they profess to be naive democrats; and they are curiously extemporaneous when they attempt to be most elitist. Whitman and Stevens, despite Stevens's protest, deeply resemble one another in this regard, and have larger affinities with a company of major American poets that includes Emily Dickinson, Hart Crane, and such extraordinary contemporary figures as John Ashbery, James Merrill, and A. R. Ammons. A deep uncertainty concerning the American reader combines with ambitious designs upon that reader, and the result is a poetic stance more self-contradictory than that of most modern British poets: of comparable stature, from Thomas Hardy on to Geoffrey Hill, with D. H. Lawrence being the largest exception, as his Whitmanesque affinities clearly show.

Ralph Waldo Emerson may be regarded either as the primary source or as the initial representative of this American poetic difference. His audacity is still too little appreciated in Great Britain, where many critics oddly think him somewhat tame and bland. His dialectics are subtle, but his actual stance is antihuman and even violent in relation to the pieties of all anterior eras. A religious thinker who could say of the crucifixion that it was a Great Defeat whereas we, as Americans, demand Victory, a success to the senses as well as to the soul, is a writer who like his admirer Nietzsche, would dare to say anything. Urging his American birds to be at once agnostic and democratic, the prophetic Emerson encouraged, and goes on fostering, a faith in American high culture that will evidently never end. The alternative conversation in American literary aesthetics, which began with the anti-Emersonian protests of Hawthorne, Melville, and Poe, and continued through the school of T. S. Eliot, finds its honourable last representative today in the distin-

guished poetry that Robert Penn Warren has been writing for the last decade. But Warren is a sunning hawk at the end of a counter-movement, Emersonianism, with all its tangles of vision, style, and stance, remains the dominant American poetic mode.

Three instances—from Whitman, Stevens, and Ashbery—may be cited in illustration of the peculiarities of American poetic stance. Stevens kept insisting that he did not read Whitman, but when in a Yale lecture of 1947 he wished to give a demonstration of what he could admire as poetic strength, he chose to quote a brief lyric that Whitman wrote years later, "A Clear Midnight":

This is thy hour O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless, Away from books, away from art, the day crested, the lesson done. These fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering the themes thou lovest best, Night, sleep, death and the stars.

The stance here is the Emersonian Dionysiac, returning to the communal, away even from the difference and iterations of language. But the great and only apparent improviser, Whitman, "an American Bard at last," is totally individualized in what is after all his unitary and esoteric theme, the oceanic mother who compounds in herself, as she will for Stevens and for Hart Crane, "Night, sleep, death, and the stars." The American Coleridgean moon of imagination, "silent, gazing, pondering," but with the destructive American Emersonian difference, an antithetical flight or regression away from art and nature alike, towards the solipsistic grandeur that is a new gnosis.

Whitman's greatness may be in the ease or grace of this hermetic flight or regression, whereas Stevens had to attain it through rather too overt an esotericism or gaudy elitism, as here in the fable of the Arab-as-moon from *Notes toward a Supreme Fiction*: We say 'at night an Arabian in my room, With his damned hoobla-hoobla, hoobla-hoobla, hoobla-hoobla, Inscribes a primitive astronomy Across the uncrawled forces the future casts And throws his stars around the floor. By day

The wood-dove used to chant his hoobla-hoobla. And still the grossest irrelevance of ocean Howls hoo and rises and howls hoo and falls Life's nonsense pierces us, with strange relation.

Life's nonsense reduces us to relying upon the distinction between hoobla-hoobla and hoobla-hoobla, which is an instance of that Stevensian negative exuberance which has driven the emigrant American critic (of the Poundian persuasion) Hugh Kenner to the sad conclusion that all Stevens represents is the ultimate culmination of the poetics of Edward Lear. Yet the distinction belongs firmly to Emersonian doctrine: the hoobla-hoobla is the song of the bird of Aphrodite, the wood-dove, but the hoobla-hoobla reduces itself to sexual limitation, due to age and a lifetime's repressiveness.

As the Coleridgean moon shines upon the aged Stevens, it compels him to confront what Whitman was too evasive to confront: the self-awareness of the erotic limits of poetic imagination. The future is death and death only, the word out of the sea uttered so persuasively by the Whitmanian terrible mother, yet Stevens makes his sexual anxieties into an elitist extravagance of trope. The moony Arab can afford to throw "his stars around the floor" but Stevens has lost so much that he can afford no more discarding gestures. Perhaps Stevens was addicted to loss; it might be urged that his disciple Ashbery scarcely knows how to proceed except by acknowledging loss. That may be the inevitable price of a tradition whose founders—Emerson and Whitman—so perpetually demanded victory.

It is the iridescent ocean, final and maternal form of "night, sleep, death and the stars," which is the largest figuration of Stevens's poetic (and sexual) dilemma. His esoteric dictation barely disguises the human despair of a self-described "hermetic sleeper." Whitman could identify himself with the pondering moon, and more often with the sun, once even asserting, like Freud's mad Dr. Schreber, that he could send forth sunrise from himself.

Whitman's Soul, knowing its true hour in wordlessness, is apparently reduced here and now to a moment of attention. And the deliberate vagueness of the Stevensian moonlight produces the

viewpoint

HAROLD BLOOM

The wood-dove used to chant his hoobla-hoobla. And still the grossest irrelevance of ocean Howls hoo and rises and howls hoo and falls Life's nonsense pierces us, with strange relation.

Life's nonsense reduces us to relying upon the distinction between hoobla-hoobla and hoobla-hoobla, which is an instance of that Stevensian negative exuberance which has driven the emigrant American critic (of the Poundian persuasion) Hugh Kenner to the sad conclusion that all Stevens represents is the ultimate culmination of the poetics of Edward Lear. Yet the distinction belongs firmly to Emersonian doctrine: the hoobla-hoobla is the song of the bird of Aphrodite, the wood-dove, but the hoobla-hoobla reduces itself to sexual limitation, due to age and a lifetime's repressiveness.

As the Coleridgean moon shines upon the aged Stevens, it compels him to confront what Whitman was too evasive to confront: the self-awareness of the erotic limits of poetic imagination. The future is death and death only, the word out of the sea uttered so persuasively by the Whitmanian terrible mother, yet Stevens makes his sexual anxieties into an elitist extravagance of trope. The moony Arab can afford to throw "his stars around the floor" but Stevens has lost so much that he can afford no more discarding gestures. Perhaps Stevens was addicted to loss; it might be urged that his disciple Ashbery scarcely knows how to proceed except by acknowledging loss. That may be the inevitable price of a tradition whose founders—Emerson and Whitman—so perpetually demanded victory.

It is the iridescent ocean, final and maternal form of "night, sleep, death and the stars," which is the largest figuration of Stevens's poetic (and sexual) dilemma. His esoteric dictation barely disguises the human despair of a self-described "hermetic sleeper." Whitman could identify himself with the pondering moon, and more often with the sun, once even asserting, like Freud's mad Dr. Schreber, that he could send forth sunrise from himself.

Whitman's Soul, knowing its true hour in wordlessness, is apparently reduced here and now to a moment of attention. And the deliberate vagueness of the Stevensian moonlight produces the

"uncrawled forces," or poems-not-to-be-written, but if these suggest poetic impotence, they testify also to a power of redundancy, to an imagination that can afford to throw its stars around the floor. By day one used to hear the wood-dove, but now one hears always the ocean mocking us with its erotic light. Pierced by the strange story of our inadequate relation to life, we end in its nonsense, which is that desire goes on even as the erotic fails. The poet could be speaking these realizations to a universal reader, but he has chosen an élite, capable of relating to so esoteric a mode. Stevens said once that the poet must direct himself not to a drab, but to a woman with the hair of a pythoness, which is a wonderful sentiment, but doubtless he implied also that such a muse would partake of Medium.

Of the many contemporary heirs of Whitman and of Stevens, John Ashbery seems likeliest to achieve something near to their eminence. Yet their uncertainty as to their audience is far surpassed in the shifting stances that Ashbery assumes. His mode can vary from the apparently opaque, so disjunctive as to seem beyond interpretation, to a kind of limpid clairvoyance that again brings the Emersonian contraries together. Contemplating Parmigianino's picture, in his major long poem, *Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror*, Ashbery achieves a vision in which art, rather than nature, becomes the prisoner of the soul:

The soul has to stay where it is. Even though restless, hearing rain, drops at the pane, Threshed by wind, Longing to be free outside, but it must stay, as little as possible.

This is what the portrait says. But there is in that gaze a combination. Of tenderness, amusement and regret, so powerful. In its restraint that one cannot look for long.

The secret is too plain. The pity a strenuous skeptic. Whitman could identify himself with the pondering moon, and more often with the sun, once even asserting, like Freud's mad Dr. Schreber, that he could send forth sunrise from himself.

Whitman's Soul, knowing its true hour in wordlessness, is apparently reduced here and now to a moment of attention. And the deliberate vagueness of the Stevensian moonlight produces the

ordinary, to notice how many of the figures in his best-known prints turn away from the viewer or are darkened in shadow, intensifying the atmosphere of privacy and reserve. Perhaps this is a reflection of Hopper's own shyness. He always insisted that it was the material conditions which interested him: the sunlight on the side of a house or the contrast between an artificially-lit veranda and the night all around. Yet paradoxically, the enigmatic figures in his paintings draw attention away from the setting. The evasion is a blarney that it needs an explanation. The characters are like puppets waiting to be animated by a plot. The mood of boredom or loneliness, of waiting for something to happen, next almost demands a script. It is as if the prints were lost film frames from an American thriller or love story, found on the cutting-room floor.

More obvious legacies of his early graphic career are the themes which continued to preoccupy him throughout his life: ships and trains, shops and offices, hotels and restaurants. Miss Levin shows how the known facts of Hopper's development, the evolution of his technical advice on etching given to him by Martin Lewis, his admiration for the work of Charles Merton and friendship with John Sloan. Hopper, the stresses, acquired knowledge of the Impressionists not only through Robert Henri but also at first hand on his visits to France and she carefully itemizes the themes and compositional devices that he shared with DeGees and Renoir.

There would still remain the never-resting mind. The imperfect is our light. Since the imperfect is so in us, Lies in flawed words and stubborn sounds.

only of attention. And yet even this fearful realization, supposedly abandoning the soul to a convex mirror, remains a privileged moment, of an Emersonian rather than Paterian kind. Precisely where he seems most wistful and knowingly bewildered by loss, the very remains most dialectical, like his American ancestors.

The simple diction and vulnerability stance barely conceal the presence of the American Transcendental Self, an ontological self that increases even as the empirical self abandons every spiritual assertion. Hence the "amusement" that takes up its stance between "tenderness" and "regret." Whitmanian affection, and hence also the larger hint of a power held in reserve, "so powerful in its restraint that one cannot look for long." An American Orpheus, wandering in the Emersonian legacy, can afford to surrender the soul in much the same temper as the ancient Gnostics did. The soul can be given up to the Dominance, whether of art or nature, because a spark of *pneuma* is more vital than the psyche, and fits no hollow whatsoever. Where Whitman and Stevens are at once hermetic and off-handed, so is Ashbery, but his throwaway gestures pay the price of an over-increasing American sense of belatedness.

Emerson's New England law of compensation, that "nothing is got for nothing," is my bridge from the dilemmas of American poetic tradition to the impasses of a native American kind of literary criticism. From Emerson himself through to Kenneth Burke, the American tradition of criticism is highly dialectical, differing in this from the British empirical tradition that has prevailed from Dr. Johnson to Empson. But this American criticism, precisely resembles Whitmanian poetry, rather than the Continental dialectics that have surged from Hegel through Heidegger on to the contemporary Deconstruction of Jacques Derride and Paul de Man. Hegelian Negation, even in its latest critical varieties, is intellectually optimistic because it is always based upon a destructive concept of the given. Given facts (and given texts) may appear to be a positive index of truth, but are taken as being in reality the negation of truth, which must destroy apparent facts, and must deconstruct texts. British or Human literary critics maintain the ultimate authority of the fact or text. Emerson, and Kenneth Burke after him, espouse the Negative, but not at all in an Hegelian mode. Emerson, both more cheerful and less optimistic than Hegel, insisted that "fact was the spirit of God, but this insistence identified God with Emerson in his most expansive and transcending moments. Burke remarks that everything we might say about God has its precise analogue in things that we can say about language, a remark which defines American poetry as the new possibility of a negative that perpetually might restore a Transcendental Self.

The American critic here and now, in my judgment, needs to keep faith both with American poetry and the American negative, which means one must not yield either to the school of Deconstruction or to the perpetual British school of Common Sense. Our best poets, from Whitman through Stevens to Ashbery, make impossible and self-contradictory demands upon both their readers and themselves. I myself urge an antithetical criticism in the American grain, affirming the self over language, while granting a priority to figurative language over meaning. The result is a mixed discourse, wide as poems, and as once esoteric and democratic, but that is the burden of American tradition. Stevens says it best for that burden but also for a possible freedom in the final stanza of "The Poem of Our Climate":

There would still remain the never-resting mind. The imperfect is our light. Since the imperfect is so in us, Lies in flawed words and stubborn sounds.

So that one would want to escape, come back to what he shared with DeGees and Renoir.

To what had been so long composed The imperfect is our light. Since the imperfect is so in us, Lies in flawed words and stubborn sounds.

Facts before feelings

By Celina Fox

GAIL LEVIN:
Edward Hopper: The Complete Prints
128pp. 100 illustrations, W. W. Norton, £15.95.
0 393 01 275 1

Edward Hopper as Illustrator.
288pp. 85 colour-plate, 555 black-and-white illustrations, W. W. Norton, £15.95.
0 393 01 243 3

"I was always interested in architecture," but the editors wanted people "waving their arms." Edward Hopper's statement in 1955 reflects the dismissive attitude he adopted in retrospect towards his career. Between 1906 and 1925 as an illustrator and first, he was trained at the Correspondence School of Illustration in New York, where he was charged with the task of illustrating the work of a painter, not an illustrator, and was always to think of himself as a painter, not an illustrator. He was a painter, not an illustrator, and was always to think of himself as a painter, not an illustrator. He was a painter, not an illustrator, and was always to think of himself as a painter, not an illustrator.

It is usual to observe that Hopper kept the expression of emotion to his non-commercial ethic. With modesty, he said, "I was not a painter, I was a draftsman." He was a draftsman, not a painter, and was always to think of himself as a draftsman, not a painter. He was a draftsman, not a painter, and was always to think of himself as a draftsman, not a painter.

four-volume catalogue raisonné of Hopper's complete oeuvre.

The distinction between art in the fine-art sense and illustration has always been a delicate one, largely conditioned by the fluctuating values of the outside world. From a modern perspective, the fact that the artist is working for somebody else scarcely appears an absolute constraint on the creation of art. But being at the mercy of writers, editors and printers has frequently seemed to demoralize him.

Certainly editors on behalf of their public can demand an obviousness of sentiment which the artist might not choose himself. Yet if they asked this of Hopper, he succeeded in circumventing these requirements and retaining wholly detached. He concentrated on the details, the architecture of grand hotels and the technology of ships and paper dolls in the required garb. On the covers he did for *Hotel Monkeys*, *The Day After Tomorrow*, and *The Day After Tomorrow*, he was always to think of himself as a painter, not an illustrator. He was a painter, not an illustrator, and was always to think of himself as a painter, not an illustrator.

It is usual to observe that Hopper kept the expression of emotion to his non-commercial ethic. With modesty, he said, "I was not a painter, I was a draftsman." He was a draftsman, not a painter, and was always to think of himself as a draftsman, not a painter. He was a draftsman, not a painter, and was always to think of himself as a draftsman, not a painter.

to the editor

Somerset Maugham

Sir—Constantine FitzGibbon in a charitable spirit has much exaggerated the help I gave to Norman Douglas towards the end of his life (Letters, May 9). I was certainly not in a financial position to give money to my friend Mario Soldati "to buy the film rights to *South Wind*". What happened was this: we both wanted to find some "pocket money" for Norman and we hatched a plan together. Together we went to Mr Carlo Ponti, the film producer, and we persuaded him that if he bought a film option on *South Wind* I would write the script of the film and Mario Soldati would direct. All that I and Mario contributed were a few weeks of unpaid work in Capri trying to produce a treatment which would be acceptable to Mr Ponti and not a betrayal of the book. Unfortunately no script emerged, but Norman had his pocket money and Mr Ponti very generously never asked us to refund what he had paid for the option. Norman lived all about our little plot and appreciated the joke.

GRAHAM GREENE.
66600 Antibes.

Sir Robert Cotton

Sir—It would be a pity if your readers were to judge Kevin Sharpe's *Sir Robert Cotton, 1586-1651* solely on the basis of J. P. Kenyon's ungenerous review (May 16). It is not easy to discover exactly what Professor Kenyon considers the defects of the book to be, except that he thinks it either too long or too short, that he had to use the index a great deal, and that he was unable to see Cotton whole after reading it.

The defects of his review are more apparent. The most important of these is his failure to fulfil the prime obligation of a reviewer: to

provide an intelligible account of the principal themes of the book. It is impossible to discover from his review that Dr Sharpe has shown that Cotton was regarded as an "expert in politics" by men of all factions, that he defended the interests of the House of Commons while at the same time advising the king, that he believed the principal need of the times to be "good counsel" for the king, and that he came to regard Parliament as the most important source of such counsel. Cotton's attitudes to history and politics provide us with significant insight into the early Stuart period, relating to the civil war, the Restoration, and the Glorious Revolution, not just because men wanted a store of legal precedents, but because they thought about contemporary politics very much in medieval terms. There are of course many ways of organising a study of this kind, and Professor Kenyon is entitled to prefer an alternative method. But the book as it stands is, for anyone prepared to give it reasonably close attention, lucid, readable and illuminating; and it casts light not only on the political but also on the intellectual life of the time.

PENRY WILLIAMS.
New College, Oxford OX1 3BN.

Canadian Accents

Sir—Now wise of Richard Cobb to observe, in his review of Carey Schofield's book on Jacques Mesrine (May 9), that "the best way of dealing with *l'accent québécois* is to ask its owner to keep it turned off". If only he had spoken sooner, the Québec referendum of May 20 need not have taken place. The French-speaking natives of that province, alerted by Professor Cobb's remark, would have abandoned their wild dreams of sovereignty and maintained a becoming silence. Québecois will also be grateful to Professor Cobb for informing them that "a French Canadian, from Percé would have few positive notions about 'les bons Belges', and for reminding them, lest they forget, of their "trusting naivety and provinciality".

Perhaps in the future issue, Professor Cobb might be good enough to "deliver similar admonitions to English-speaking Canadians. They too, after all, are encumbered with an embarrassing accent, a somewhat modified barbaric yawn", and are prone to the same naivety and provincialism that afflict their French-speaking counterparts. *Clochers* and *rustics* that we are, we depend on such counsel to remind us of our isolation from Paris, the centre of world affairs, and, above all, from Oxford, the cradle of civilization.

PETER SABOR.
Department of English, Queen's University, Kingston, Canada K7L 3N6.

'The Imitation Game'

Sir—Hermina Lee, in her review (April 25) of the BBC television play *The Imitation Game*, misses the chief character of the play, clearly patterned on Alan M. Turing, the computer theorist and Second World War cryptanalyst; the "imitation game" itself was first proposed by Turing (1948, October 1950) under just that name, and is regarded by many workers in Artificial Intelligence as a stimulating thought experiment, or even as the outline of a possible actual experiment. Even Turing's incompetence in bed (with a woman) is a link—Turing was reputedly homosexual.

MARK HALPERN.
3309 Brunell Drive, Oakland, California 94602.

Ostap Veresaj

Sir—On the cover of your issue of April 11 is a picture identified as Cassack musicians of c. the 1880s. The man is in fact a famous Ukrainian kobzar and singer of traditional Ukrainian dumsy, Ostap Veresaj (1893-1950).

CHRISTOPHER M. LANE, Edinburgh.
East Christchurch, New Zealand.

The Joseph Conrad Society

Sir—I am writing on behalf of the Committee of the Joseph Conrad Society (United Kingdom), who would be grateful for the opportunity to thank, through the hospitality of your columns, the numerous people in Great Britain and abroad who have contributed to the fund to establish a Conrad Study Centre. The Society has been able to make a modest though very satisfactory start, and if all goes well, the plan of the Study Centre, which is to be opened in 1981, will be to provide a place where anyone interested in the life and work of Joseph Conrad can find information about him, and to provide a place where anyone interested in the life and work of Joseph Conrad can find information about him, and to provide a place where anyone interested in the life and work of Joseph Conrad can find information about him.

CEDRIC WATTS.
Arts Building, University of Sussex, Brighton BN1 9QJ.

mental playing, so he could earn his livelihood. Tamas Sevcenko knew him, his song texts were collected, and the leading composer Lysenko wrote a study of his musical style, and arranged concerts for him in St Petersburg in the 1880s. He lived in a village in the Poltava region in the Ukraine. I find no evidence that he was a Cassack. The woman with him, who appears in other pictures of him as well, is surely his guide. It is unlikely that she was a musician.

BARBARA KRADER.
Grünauer Str 19, D-1000 Berlin 30.

'On the Frontier'

Sir—I have only just read the review of what was called the first biography of W. H. Auden (March 7) with the correspondence that followed it. As the biographer suggests there will be further editions of his book and there will be other biographies in due course may I make a correction? The Auden-Tenison play *On the Frontier* was first produced at the Arts Theatre, Cambridge, for six performances from November 14 to November 19, 1938. It was presented by The Group Theatre in association with The Cambridge Arts Theatre Trust and directed by Rupert Doone. In the cast were Wyndham Goldie, Ernest Milton, Eric Berry and Lydia Lopokova. This was the last play in which she appeared (taking the part of Anna Vrodney) and the only time she acted with The Group Theatre. Peter Pears spoke the words of the Announcer and also appeared as a dancer, soldier and war correspondent. The music was by Benjamin Britten, and besides two choruses pre-recorded by Decca he played the piano (with percussion and two trumpets in addition) for the performances. The Group Theatre presented the production at the Globe Theatre in London for one performance only on Sunday, February 12, 1939.

MILO KEYNES.
3 Brunswick Walk, Cambridge.

'Gay'

Sir—It will not have escaped readers of the recent correspondence showing the normal sexual application of the word "gay" to be to heterosexual relations that the adjective is always, in varying degrees, derogatory. Nelly Turner (Letters, 16 May) having been "good" for two and a half years "gay" again and went on the streets.

J. C. BRYCE.
Department of English, The University, Glasgow G12 8QQ.

The Joseph Conrad Society

Sir—I am writing on behalf of the Committee of the Joseph Conrad Society (United Kingdom), who would be grateful for the opportunity to thank, through the hospitality of your columns, the numerous people in Great Britain and abroad who have contributed to the fund to establish a Conrad Study Centre. The Society has been able to make a modest though very satisfactory start, and if all goes well, the plan of the Study Centre, which is to be opened in 1981, will be to provide a place where anyone interested in the life and work of Joseph Conrad can find information about him, and to provide a place where anyone interested in the life and work of Joseph Conrad can find information about him.

CEDRIC WATTS.
Arts Building, University of Sussex, Brighton BN1 9QJ.

Editing by Computer

Sir—Alan Bell (Viewpoint, April 25) sees microfilm publication of typescript as "the only way that can now be found of getting some very desirable but very large works of scholarship into circulation".

In fact, another and in many respects better way has been found. A computer should be used. The texts of all authentic source documents should be keyed in, and the power of automatic computation utilized to compare variant sources. The editor's decision process—i.e. the rules according to which he preferred one reading to all alternatives—also should be entered into a computer so that any scholar who would question any point can have upon request the information from the computerized "data base".

Second, Lufur (the Society for the Study of Welsh Labour History, of which I am chairman) is credited with a political purpose and homogeneity which, as an open society encouraging wide membership, is neither possessive nor seeks. What is the evidence of the dominance of dogma of which Lufur Morgan speaks? Certainly not, as he himself concedes, the Society's Journal. Nor can it be referring to its numerous meetings, since, regrettably, Dr Morgan did not attend any for many years.

Department of Economics, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth SY23 3DB.

Pale Yellow Raspberries

Sir—Oscar Wilde's remark in "pale yellow raspberries" at breakfast, referred to by James De Vere White in his review of *The Yellow Wallpaper* (April 18), need not be evidence for his "high fastidiousness". Delicious pale yellow raspberries grow in my garden in central Scotland (he called them "white raspberries" in Wilde's request, may not be delicious, but not, I think, "fastidious").

JANET E. CARL.
1 Drummond Crescent, Leven.

Billy McCaw

Sir—In my piece about Colin McInnes (February 8) I quoted from a verse by T. S. Eliot, when I have received several letters from your readers, roughly one a fortnight, asking where this verse may be found. It is called "Billy McCaw, the Remarkable Parrot", and was published along with the rest of the *Collected Poems* in *The Queen's Book of the Dead* (1939). Copies of this excellent book may be seen at many a jumble sale and Oxfam shop.

MILO KEYNES.
3 Brunswick Walk, Cambridge.

'Gay'

Sir—It will not have escaped readers of the recent correspondence showing the normal sexual application of the word "gay" to be to heterosexual relations that the adjective is always, in varying degrees, derogatory. Nelly Turner (Letters, 16 May) having been "good" for two and a half years "gay" again and went on the streets.

J. C. BRYCE.
Department of English, The University, Glasgow G12 8QQ.

The Joseph Conrad Society

Sir—I am writing on behalf of the Committee of the Joseph Conrad Society (United Kingdom), who would be grateful for the opportunity to thank, through the hospitality of your columns, the numerous people in Great Britain and abroad who have contributed to the fund to establish a Conrad Study Centre. The Society has been able to make a modest though very satisfactory start, and if all goes well, the plan of the Study Centre, which is to be opened in 1981, will be to provide a place where anyone interested in the life and work of Joseph Conrad can find information about him, and to provide a place where anyone interested in the life and work of Joseph Conrad can find information about him.

CEDRIC WATTS.
Arts Building, University of Sussex, Brighton BN1 9QJ.

The McCaw and Pollock were the first Eliot poems I ever read, at the age of eight, and as thus lodged in my memory, they seem to have not been frequently reprinted.

D. A. N. JONES.
c/o The Listener, 35 Marylebone High Street, London W1.

'The Fed'

Sir—Kenneth O. Morgan's review of *The Fed* (May 16) is for the most part—as one might expect from a leading scholar of modern Wales—knowledgeable, perceptive and critical.

The tone of the concluding comments was, however, at considerable variance with the rest and was generally uncharacteristic of a careful scholar. It calls for a comment in two main respects. First, the wording seems to be a strong doubt on the integrity of the authors as historians. I imagine that on fuller reflection, Dr Morgan would regret this inference.

Second, Lufur (the Society for the Study of Welsh Labour History, of which I am chairman) is credited with a political purpose and homogeneity which, as an open society encouraging wide membership, is neither possessive nor seeks. What is the evidence of the dominance of dogma of which Lufur Morgan speaks? Certainly not, as he himself concedes, the Society's Journal. Nor can it be referring to its numerous meetings, since, regrettably, Dr Morgan did not attend any for many years.

Department of Economics, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth SY23 3DB.

Pale Yellow Raspberries

Sir—Oscar Wilde's remark in "pale yellow raspberries" at breakfast, referred to by James De Vere White in his review of *The Yellow Wallpaper* (April 18), need not be evidence for his "high fastidiousness". Delicious pale yellow raspberries grow in my garden in central Scotland (he called them "white raspberries" in Wilde's request, may not be delicious, but not, I think, "fastidious").

JANET E. CARL.
1 Drummond Crescent, Leven.

Billy McCaw

Sir—In my piece about Colin McInnes (February 8) I quoted from a verse by T. S. Eliot, when I have received several letters from your readers, roughly one a fortnight, asking where this verse may be found. It is called "Billy McCaw, the Remarkable Parrot", and was published along with the rest of the *Collected Poems* in *The Queen's Book of the Dead* (1939). Copies of this excellent book may be seen at many a jumble sale and Oxfam shop.

MILO KEYNES.
3 Brunswick Walk, Cambridge.

'Gay'

Sir—It will not have escaped readers of the recent correspondence showing the normal sexual application of the word "gay" to be to heterosexual relations that the adjective is always, in varying degrees, derogatory. Nelly Turner (Letters, 16 May) having been "good" for two and a half years "gay" again and went on the streets.

J. C. BRYCE.
Department of English, The University, Glasgow G12 8QQ.

The Joseph Conrad Society

Sir—I am writing on behalf of the Committee of the Joseph Conrad Society (United Kingdom), who would be grateful for the opportunity to thank, through the hospitality of your columns, the numerous people in Great Britain and abroad who have contributed to the fund to establish a Conrad Study Centre. The Society has been able to make a modest though very satisfactory start, and if all goes well, the plan of the Study Centre, which is to be opened in 1981, will be to provide a place where anyone interested in the life and work of Joseph Conrad can find information about him, and to provide a place where anyone interested in the life and work of Joseph Conrad can find information about him.

CEDRIC WATTS.
Arts Building, University of Sussex, Brighton BN1 9QJ.

Among this week's contributors

HAROLD BRAVER is the editor of *The Science Fiction of Edgar Allan Poe*, 1976.

HAROLD BLOOM's novel *The Flight to Lucifer* (the *Golden Panther*) has just been published in this country.

ROBERT BOYERS is editor of the *Journal of Sinology*, and author of books on Lionel Trilling and F. R. Leavis.

ANITA BROOKMAN's biography of Jacques Louis David will be published later this year.

ANTHONY BURGESS's most recent novels are *Beard* (Roman Women, 1977, and 1985, 1978).

JAMES CAMPBELL is editor of the *New Edinburgh Review*.

PETER CONRAD's *Imagining America* is reviewed in this issue of the TLS.

MARCUS CUNLIFFE is University Professor at George Washington University. His most recent book is *Conrad's Slavery and White Slavery*, 1979.

FRANCES SPALDING's biography of Roger Fry was published earlier this year.

ANDREW STRATHERN is Professor of Anthropology at University College London.

PHILIP THODY's most recent book is *Roland Barthes: a Conversational Estimate*, 1977.

C. VANN WOODWARD's book is *The Strange Career of Jim Crow*, 1955 (revised 1974); *The Garden of Southern History*, 1960, and *American Counterpoint*, 1974.

PAUL WILLIAMS is on the staff of the British Film Institute.

ANNE WRIGHT's edition of *Break House* will be published in autumn.

ALAN YOUNG is the editor of *Edgell* (Richmond, Virginia), 1979.

Newness as repudiation: Styles in modern American thought

By Marcus Cunliffe

Repudiate the repudiators! American presidential campaign slogan, 1868.

"We have learned so well how to absorb novelty that receptivity itself has turned into a kind of tradition—the tradition of the new." This comment was made by the American historian Richard Hofstadter, in a book published in 1963. Yesterday's avant-garde experiment, he added, "is today's cliché and tomorrow's cliché". Hofstadter was referring to a recent work by the artist Harold Rosenberg. In *The Tradition of the New* Rosenberg reveals his particular involvement with the New York "action painting" of the 1950s, which in intent and homogeneity which, as an open society encouraging wide membership, is neither possessive nor seeks. What is the evidence of the dominance of dogma of which Lufur Morgan speaks? Certainly not, as he himself concedes, the Society's Journal. Nor can it be referring to its numerous meetings, since, regrettably, Dr Morgan did not attend any for many years.

Department of Economics, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth SY23 3DB.

Pale Yellow Raspberries

Sir—Oscar Wilde's remark in "pale yellow raspberries" at breakfast, referred to by James De Vere White in his review of *The Yellow Wallpaper* (April 18), need not be evidence for his "high fastidiousness". Delicious pale yellow raspberries grow in my garden in central Scotland (he called them "white raspberries" in Wilde's request, may not be delicious, but not, I think, "fastidious").

JANET E. CARL.
1 Drummond Crescent, Leven.

Billy McCaw

Sir—In my piece about Colin McInnes (February 8) I quoted from a verse by T. S. Eliot, when I have received several letters from your readers, roughly one a fortnight, asking where this verse may be found. It is called "Billy McCaw, the Remarkable Parrot", and was published along with the rest of the *Collected Poems* in *The Queen's Book of the Dead* (1939). Copies of this excellent book may be seen at many a jumble sale and Oxfam shop.

MILO KEYNES.
3 Brunswick Walk, Cambridge.

'Gay'

Sir—It will not have escaped readers of the recent correspondence showing the normal sexual application of the word "gay" to be to heterosexual relations that the adjective is always, in varying degrees, derogatory. Nelly Turner (Letters, 16 May) having been "good" for two and a half years "gay" again and went on the streets.

J. C. BRYCE.
Department of English, The University, Glasgow G12 8QQ.

The Joseph Conrad Society

Sir—I am writing on behalf of the Committee of the Joseph Conrad Society (United Kingdom), who would be grateful for the opportunity to thank, through the hospitality of your columns, the numerous people in Great Britain and abroad who have contributed to the fund to establish a Conrad Study Centre. The Society has been able to make a modest though very satisfactory start, and if all goes well, the plan of the Study Centre, which is to be opened in 1981, will be to provide a place where anyone interested in the life and work of Joseph Conrad can find information about him, and to provide a place where anyone interested in the life and work of Joseph Conrad can find information about him.

CEDRIC WATTS.
Arts Building, University of Sussex, Brighton BN1 9QJ.

Or as Nabokov asserts of literature (in *Strong Opinions*). "Every original novel is 'and' because it does not resemble the genre or kind of its predecessor".

From such utterances it appears to follow that the most original (= most gifted, most admirable) theory or attitude is the one least resembling its antecedent. The precise degree of unlikeness cannot of course always be measured. But, expressed geometrically, the proposition would mean that a truly original hypothesis or artifact ought to be at 180° from its antecedent, a complete opposite.

We may test the prevalence of this attitude by considering the language of critical approbation, and its reliance upon notions of reversal. "Marx stood Hegel on his head." "Gramsci stood Marx on his head." Read any book that is "provocative" (and note how that word has lost most of its pejorative force; compare "how provoking!" with modern reviewers' jargon—"a provocative analysis"). In such a book, for instance Christopher Lasch's *Culture of Narcissism*, the author seeks to reinforce his argument by means of a reversal that it is the reversal of some received point. "The opposite is true..." "On the contrary..." This phrase was taken by Mary McCarthy for the title of a book of essays (London 1962, recently reissued). Conspicuously, Mary becomes the virtue of fresh thought. Thus, one of the essays, "America the Beautiful" (1947) makes the ingenious claim that the United States is in truth ugly—this in response to the expectation, voiced by a visiting European, that America is not rich but poor, aesthetically at any rate; their culture represents the "backwardness, deprivation, and what that arrived here in bootstraps from Europe." So the blame if any is Europe's in America: "Given a clean slate, man, it was hoped, would write the future. Instead, he has written his past. This past... does not disturb us as it does Europe. It is apparent among the nature scientists—see *The Double Helix*—is among America's psychosed professional athletes. The determination may prompt an at-all-costs society. In an article on "Innovation in Physics" Freeman Dyson describes a meeting of scientists in New York during 1958. They had come to listen to a new theory on the behaviour of particles proposed by the German physicist Niels Bohr, who was in the audience, told Pauli: "We are all agreed that your theory is wrong. The question which divides us is whether it is crazy enough to have a chance of being correct. My own feeling is that it is not crazy enough." According to Dyson, this objection was made to every radical theory of elementary particles. "Most of the papers which are submitted to *The Physical Review* are rejected, not because it is impossible to understand them, but because it is possible. Those which are impossible to understand are usually published."

Pale Yellow Raspberries

Sir—Oscar Wilde's remark in "pale yellow raspberries" at breakfast, referred to by James De Vere White in his review of *The Yellow Wallpaper* (April 18), need not be evidence for his "high fastidiousness". Delicious pale yellow raspberries grow in my garden in central Scotland (he called them "white raspberries" in Wilde's request, may not be delicious, but not, I think, "fastidious").

JANET E. CARL.
1 Drummond Crescent, Leven.

Billy McCaw

Sir—In my piece about Colin McInnes (February 8) I quoted from a verse by T. S. Eliot, when I have received several letters from your readers, roughly one a fortnight, asking where this verse may be found. It is called "Billy McCaw, the Remarkable Parrot", and was published along with the rest of the *Collected Poems* in *The Queen's Book of the Dead* (1939). Copies of this excellent book may be seen at many a jumble sale and Oxfam shop.

MILO KEYNES.
3 Brunswick Walk, Cambridge.

'Gay'

Sir—It will not have escaped readers of the recent correspondence showing the normal sexual application of the word "gay" to be to heterosexual relations that the adjective is always, in varying degrees, derogatory. Nelly Turner (Letters, 16 May) having been "good" for two and a half years "gay" again and went on the streets.

J. C. BRYCE.
Department of English, The University, Glasgow G12 8QQ.

The Joseph Conrad Society

Sir—I am writing on behalf of the Committee of the Joseph Conrad Society (United Kingdom), who would be grateful for the opportunity to thank, through the hospitality of your columns, the numerous people in Great Britain and abroad who have contributed to the fund to establish a Conrad Study Centre. The Society has been able to make a modest though very satisfactory start, and if all goes well, the plan of the Study Centre, which is to be opened in 1981, will be to provide a place where anyone interested in the life and work of Joseph Conrad can find information about him, and to provide a place where anyone interested in the life and work of Joseph Conrad can find information about him.

CEDRIC WATTS.
Arts Building, University of Sussex, Brighton BN1 9QJ.

completely erroneous. Reversals countenanced, entail repudiation, a challenge, a *versus*. Titles begin with *Against*: *Against the American Interpretation* (Susan Sontag); *Against the Current* (Isaiah Berlin). A comparable inclination is examined in Thomas Kuhn's *Structure of Scientific Revolutions*. According to Kuhn, the conventional wisdom pretends that "advances" in science are cumulative, whereas they really discard the reigning paradigm and replace it with another incompatible one.

These acts of parricide may be disguised by scholarly etiquette. Its nuances are easily discernible in book reviews. The etiquette enjoin gratitude: "has put us in his or her debt, we shall all benefit. We pay lip-service to the supposition that scholarship is cumulative: Professor Y, the reviewer announces, has added another brick to the wall of our knowledge." One reads of our interpretations must await further investigation, when less more bricks will presumably be in place; and perhaps Dr Z is rebuked for having been a premature generalizer.

However, these are gestures. Scholarly articles usually start with a summary of existing views. Cautious or commonplace scholarship contents itself with minor revision, altering the angle by say up to 90°—though some revision is an essential feature. Ambitious scholarship goes much further. It does not cumulate but demolishes. New reputations are made by demolishing bricks but by dropping them. The seniors in a given field are frequently attacked and discredited. At least in the eyes of their juniors. The same sequence can be detected in literature and art. The elderly William Dean Howells observed of himself with gentle resignation, in a letter to his old friend Henry James, that he had become "comparatively a dead cult." Forgotten rather than proscribed. Others seem to have been more conscious of literature as combat. The critic Harold Bloom, discussing Wallace Stevens, maintains that every significant writer needs to de-throne the reigning figure in the realm to which he aspires. Some literary novelists have used boxing metaphors to express the felt need to be champion: Hemingway against all comers, Norman Mailer against all comers plus Hemingway.

Pale Yellow Raspberries

Sir—Oscar Wilde's remark in "pale yellow raspberries" at breakfast, referred to by James De Vere White in his review of *The Yellow Wallpaper* (April 18), need not be evidence for his "high fastidiousness". Delicious pale yellow raspberries grow in my garden in central Scotland (he called them "white raspberries" in Wilde's request, may not be delicious, but not, I think, "fastidious").

JANET E. CARL.
1 Drummond Crescent, Leven.

Billy McCaw

Sir—In my piece about Colin McInnes (February 8) I quoted from a verse by T. S. Eliot, when I have received several letters from your readers, roughly one a fortnight, asking where this verse may be found. It is called "Billy McCaw, the Remarkable Parrot", and was published along with the rest of the *Collected Poems* in *The Queen's Book of the Dead* (1939). Copies of this excellent book may be seen at many a jumble sale and Oxfam shop.

MILO KEYNES.
3 Brunswick Walk, Cambridge.

'Gay'

Sir—It will not have escaped readers of the recent correspondence showing the normal sexual application of the word "gay" to be to heterosexual relations that the adjective is always, in varying degrees, derogatory. Nelly Turner (Letters, 16 May) having been "good" for two and a half years "gay" again and went on the streets.

J. C. BRYCE.
Department of English, The University, Glasgow G12 8QQ.

The Joseph Conrad Society

Sir—I am writing on behalf of the Committee of the Joseph Conrad Society (United Kingdom), who would be grateful for the opportunity to thank, through the hospitality of your columns, the numerous people in Great Britain and abroad who have contributed to the fund to establish a Conrad Study Centre. The Society has been able to make a modest though very satisfactory start, and if all goes well, the plan of the Study Centre, which is to be opened in 1981, will be to provide a place where anyone interested in the life and work of Joseph Conrad can find information about him, and to provide a place where anyone interested in the life and work of Joseph Conrad can find information about him.

CEDRIC WATTS.
Arts Building, University of Sussex, Brighton BN1 9QJ.

can be fun, and the outmoded can even return for a while. The professor, maestro or laureate of olden times may just conceivably, and temporarily, be installed by a minor cult—if not exactly *Bogart redidit*, then King-Kongish, clumsy, doomed, rather touching. Sophisticated wit is a central feature of modernity's appreciation for originality; and reversal is its central formula. As with Shaw on the fifty million Frenchmen, the trick is to take a truism and turn it round (stand it on its head?).

The reversal device in humour was perfected in the last third of the nineteenth century. Shaw and Chesterton were among the most successful British exemplars. Alfred Jarry's dazzling French exponent, Oscar Wilde: "Work is the ruin of the drinking classes..." "A man cannot be too careful in the choice of his enemies..." "One must have a heart of stone to read the death of Little Nell without laughing..."

not with fixed ideas, but "a man made vivid by the sea", subject to change as his environment shifts. Cubic or conical, there is no doubt that Murtz has seized the essence of the Comedian, the fact that at a point in his career Stevens was much closer in spirit than one could have supposed in those professional stay-at-homes like Alfred Hitchcock and William Carlos Williams. And, (to quote Murtz's production), "ought to create American art and literature through cultivation of the 'local'". The difference between Stevens and Williams lay in the issue of mediation, and not in the response to the world on the things he sees in the new world; he does not rest content with merely seeing them. "To apprehend what Stevens calls the early and undefined American feeling" requires not only seeing the world, "but is to feel it as meaning something within the self," as Murtz puts it. It was, perhaps, this realization that no fact can ever be observed without being infected by the observer that led Stevens to resign. The Comedian's response to the world is a statement about the realization of the world in the imagination.

Not that his survival has soured Stevens in good stead in England. Williams represents in the Eng-

[illegible]

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

culminate

GALL

Life in a Paradigmatic

document: that it is the Charlemagne; that it was influenced monastic and secular of community planning: the whole of Carolingian life. have devoted nearly twenty buildings delineated on the Plan communities it was intended to unfold a compelling history organization. It is an account rend- Gall has been awarded The

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

Year Award (1979), The Type
University Presses 1980 Book Show
Award in the categories of Archi-

It is certainly exaggerated by Robinson-Lensing, who in this celebratory volume outlines the stages leading up to the publication of the *Fabrizio*.

culminate

GALL

Life in a Paradigmatic

by Walter Horn and Ernest Born

2-4 Brook Street, London W1Y 1AA

100-443887-100


JOHN MURRAY



wonderful brown fogs that
came creeping down the
streets, blurring the gas-lights
and clouding the houses
and shrouding the
monstrous slumbers? To whom
if not to them and their
master, do we owe the lovely
silver mists that brood over
our river, and turn its
forms of foaming grey, bridge
and swan, and bridge
The extraordinary and beautiful
has taken place in the climate
of London during the last few
years is entirely due to a par-
ticular school of Art.
—Oscar Wilde, *The Decay
of Lying*

He snatched a bottle of
Colleges,
And broke the neck between
his hand;
He felt as if he were alone
And, mighty as a king,
The Princess gave a loud
scream,
Carousel's clit was sharp and
deep;
He left her safely as a dream
That leaves a sleeper to the
sleep.

He left the room on polished
feet,
Smiling that things had gone
so well.
They banished him in Merlin's
carriage.
You pray in vain for Corneille
—Audrey Beardsley, *The
Ballad of a Barber*



Reading Matters

Order your U.S. books through us. Personal service on all American titles in print for individuals or institutions. Contact Nancy Rosen and Laurel Stravis c/o Wordworth Bookstore 30 Brattle Street Cambridge, MA 02138 USA.

HUNTINGTON LIBRARY PUBLICATIONS

San Marino, California 91103

Guide to Literary Manuscripts in the Huntington Library lists about 125,000 pieces, by more than 1000 authors, and covers the years from 1600 to the present. (Authors living before 1600 will be covered in another volume, to be published in 1982.) While the book reflects the Huntington's strong emphasis on British and American literature, some European writers are also included; as well as a few figures in the sciences and other arts. Material is listed alphabetically by author, and includes verse and prose, letters, documents, and miscellaneous items such as inscriptions and marginal notes in printed works. \$39 pp., \$35

OHIO UNIVERSITY PRESS and SWALLOW PRESS

ELEGANT NIGHTMARES

The English Ghost Story from Le Fanu to Blackwood by Jack Sullivan. Ohio, 152 pp., cloth £7.20, paper £2.95.

APPROACHES TO VICTORIAN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Ed. by George P. Landlow. Ohio, 101 pp., £10.95.

ANATIS NIN

An Introduction by Benjamin Franklin V. and Duane Schindler. Ohio, 369 pp., £9.60.

FROM BUCHNER TO BECKETT

Dramatic Theory and the Modes of Tragic Drama by Alfred Schwaib. Ohio, 360 pp., £10.80.

ANTONIN ARTAUD

Man of Vision by Bettina L. Knapp; preface by Annis N. Swallow. 233 pp., paper £3.60.

MURDER MOST FOUL

And Other Great Crime Stories from the World Press, Ed. by Rob Warden and Martha Groves. Swallow, 358 pp., cloth £9.00.

For further information and catalogues, please contact:

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY PUBLISHERS GROUP LTD.

1 Gower Street, London, W.C.1. Telephone 01-580 3994

Civility at bay

By Eric Homberger

WARNER BERTHOFF
A Literature Without Qualities
204pp. University of California Press £6.50.
0 520 03694 4.

The fading of Marxism as a political and intellectual presence in America and Western Europe, as perceived by Raymond Aron, Edward Shils, Daniel Bell and others in the late 1950s, was accompanied by a claim on behalf of "civil politics". The civil rights movement and the war in Vietnam ended that pastoral dream. The shock was felt with particular intensity in English departments in the United States. Since the Second World War the cause of "civility" in criticism (an allied but insufficiently appreciated dimension of the New Criticism) had prevailed. Its intellectual and literary history, invented by Lionel Trilling, signified a reconciliation with the purposes and powers of American culture. The urgent causes of the 1930s evaporated; there were many acts of accommodation. When the process against the war in Vietnam reached Harvard (where Warner Berthoff teaches), Columbia, and elsewhere, the ferocity of the confrontation, and the extremely uncivil behaviour on all sides, produced more than a little soul-searching. There were places where a grave doubt about the "familiar decayed-humanist" justification for literary study could be expressed; other moments when "the closing out of the liberal-bourgeois hegemony in cultural valuation" might be acknowledged.

Both phrases are taken from papers written by Warner Berthoff in 1967 and 1970, which were collected in *Fictions and Events* in 1971. If indeed the noise of history, to use John Lohmann's phrase, was an unsettling force at Harvard, Berthoff tenaciously re-affirmed a basic allegiance: All that puts rational, creative effort of mind in peril too. Civility, as Berthoff expresses it, carries with it a politics; the liberal Cold War cultural settlement. Civility is very much our own coinage; conceptually distinct from the general, and is part of a larger consolidation and restoration.

Berthoff returns to these themes in his new book *A Literature Without Qualities*. The arts appear to require some accepted behavioural margin of tolerance and civil immunity, and some equally exempted foreground of preparation, in order to flourish. Tolerance is essential; but is "civil immunity" anything more than a characteristic notion of the liberal-bourgeois hegemony which Berthoff indicated had reached its end in the last decade? Throughout his new book political and cultural judgments are withheld, but the act of mingling remains outside the terms of the discussion. Part of what is unsatisfactory about this book is that the links between the political and cultural judgments are assumed, or alluded to, but are not in themselves opened out for scrutiny. Berthoff's knowledge does not know itself.

He approaches contemporary literature in a humane, liberal

"civil" frame of mind. The conclusions he comes to are of a decaying negativity. We are more used to tolerance than severity from such a stance, which makes Berthoff's book of more than passing symptomatic interest. He uses Robert Musil's *Der Mann ohne Eigenschaften* in his title. The "qualities" he is thinking about are closely linked to the artistic ambitions, formal perfection, and essential literariness of the great Modernists. (So much so that he may have erected a myth of Modernism in the process.) Contemporary writing is without "qualities": the abundance of high-exacting standards in literature is particularly dismaying to Berthoff, who notices that there has been in America a rejection "of the very notion of orthodox literary making".

A Durkheimian literary historian, Berthoff looks for "collective representations" of an age and a people in works of art. The most powerful of these self-understandings is the "idea of society" itself, or indeed the idea of America. To the extent that writers view the world as emptied of meaning or relevance, whether solipsistically or cynically, Berthoff expresses disapproval. He prefers those works of literature which acknowledge the contingent existence of others, outside the "sanctioning presence" of the author. Products of the "imperial" American imagination attract him less than work which emerges almost by accident, from living in our time.

Gravité's Rainbow represents for Berthoff the singular essence of literature without qualities. Pynchon's world is "invariably centric, symmetrical, repetitive and self-enclosed", and in the "brutalizing historical vision" of *Gravité's Rainbow* we find an endorsement of the removal of historical actions from any commonly accessible realm of judgment and responsibility.

In the two dozen or so pages surveying American fiction Berthoff is stimulating and highly partisan. His defence of the "historical" and the "social", and therefore the normative, is phantasmagorical, and the paradigm makes an important contribution to a critical stance dominated until recently by cranks and reactionaries.

Berthoff is no less dubious about formalist stances in poetry. He finds "qualities" mainly in those poets for whom a "residual notion of fitness remains" in the "historical particular scorn" ("writing from his book-lined study at Cornell") are several lines by A. R. Ammons: "On sick of good poems, all those like vandoues splendidly brought off, printed, gaudy on a shelf give me the dumb, debilitated, nasty, and massive, it thins the alternative." Similar sentiments in a poem by Gary Snyder bring forth a prim rebuke. Berthoff approaches contemporary poetry with highly partisan standards, and concludes it is mostly directed towards "a 'reviewers' consensus' which he culled from reviews of recent poetry in *Parnassus*. As admirable as *Parnassus* may be, this is hardly a satisfactory procedure for the literary historian. A verse competence derived from the efforts of Jeff Nuttall, Lynan Andrews, and Eric Motsum (cited as a contributor to *Parnassus*) suggests the problem. Berthoff's reading of contemporary poetry is too narrow (he does not pay sufficient attention to Theodore

Kocher); so, too, are the concepts of "poetic form and style" and "poetic qualities". For Berthoff such things are simply given. His standards, though always urbane, compare the basically unproblematic nature of the standards, as well as the language.

This is all the more puzzling when it comes from a critic who uses the master works of the highly problematic in order to judge, and judge harshly, contemporary practitioners. Berthoff indicates the emergence of the "qualities" in the work of Robert Lowell, with the collection of poems, *The Wreck of the Great American Novel*, which he calls "a masterpiece for some sceptical treatment". "Idea of society" which Berthoff finds in the whole range of contemporary verse is even more ludicrous, larger social matters than is his "about our recent poetry" which he calls "a masterpiece for some sceptical treatment". "Idea of society" which Berthoff finds in the whole range of contemporary verse is even more ludicrous, larger social matters than is his "about our recent poetry" which he calls "a masterpiece for some sceptical treatment".

AMERICAN POETRY

Contrary attractions

By Roger Garfitt

ANTHONY HECHT
The Venetian Vespers
Oxford University Press. £3.95.
0 19 21933 8

Hecht has always been the converse of Anthony Hecht's poetry. He is an instinctive decorator, a poet jeweller among wordsmiths, who from time to time submits himself to a bare narration. Bare, because the facts are beyond the aid of fancy. They are narratives of the day, the flying alive of the Emperor Valerian, the stoning of Stephen, or, most particularly, the persecution of the Jews throughout history, culminating in the Holocaust. It is as if the power of invention, the skill and the artifice in artifice, is a gift that could be used in any way at all; whereas narrative is a vocation, a moral imperative, that determines the gift is to be used.

One can see the process clearly at work in "The Odds", a poem from his previous collection *Strange Shadows* (1977). The poem opens with three stanzas of a snowfall, stanzas of an affectionate invention. Appearances seem poised for celebration, but the fourth and fifth stanzas introduce a different order of vision, a moral vision that sees the snowfall as

A sort of stage show
Put on by a spoiled, eccentric millionaire.
Lacking the craft and choice that go
With weighed precision, the
line a work of art, these are the
Lones, senseless squanderings of
the discontent.

Like the blind, headlong
Crowding towards dreams of life,
In dark fallow lands,
In that wild stream of bodies at
My feet,
Thick drifts, huddled embankments
File up in this eleventh year of
war.

The poem seems to have taken a radically different direction, in answer to Hecht's political conscience, and to his abiding sense of the extravagance and waste of the life process. Only then, startlingly, as well as within the poem, is an age of depersonalization, as against it, the poem does turn to words celebration, and towards a much more profound celebration than we had anticipated:

Yet to these April snows,
This rashness, those incalculable odds,
The costly and cold-blooded shows
Of blind perversity or spendthrift gods,
My son is born, and in his mother's eyes
Turns the whole war and winter
into less.

Further difficulties are invoked in the penultimate stanza, but the poem does combine its first innocence with its final knowledge. The "Odds" or "A Birthday Poem" have always been able to

With Christmas storms of manageable size,
A chalk precipitate that shawls
Ambers and red and gifts beyond
A tiny settlement among the powers
That shape our world, but that
are never ours.

Conscience implies deliberation, and there surely is an element of deliberation here, a determination to confront all the kinds of evidence available to the poet. But there is also temperance, the involuntary attraction of the sensibility towards a particular atmosphere or quality, that in Hecht is often a quality of light. In the opening poem of *The Venetian Vespers* (1977), Hecht describes the Venetian lagoon, that suddenly broke into his consciousness. One minute he was

Picking my way through a warm
sunlit piazza
In the early morning. A clear fraternal work of art, the pavement
From huge umbrellas littered the
pavement and made
A sort of lucent shallows in which
A small navy of curts, books, coins,
Cheap landscapes and ugly religious
Were all on sale. The colours and
noise
Like the flying hands were gestures
of exaltation,
So that even the harping
Rose to the ear like a voluble
godliness.

The next minute, Hecht goes on to say,
pushchairs and people dissolved
And even the great Farnese Palace
Was gone, for all its marble: in its
place
Was a hill, mole-colored and bare.
It seems to me that the contrast
between artifice and narrative in
Hecht. On the one hand there is
the attraction towards the "gestures
of exaltation", the "voluble
godliness", that whole shimmer of
surfaces that Hecht catches so beautifully in much of his work. On the
other hand there is the haunting by
"the plain bitterness of what I had
seen", as by that hill, "mole-
colored and bare."

What is impressive is the thoroughness with which Hecht has explored that ambivalence and sought to harness the opposing attractions within a poetry that can contain them both. Even that hill's bare light is in itself ambiguous. In *Millions of Strange Shadows* it is twice celebrated, in "After the Rain" as "a Spartan fairness... A light so pure and just", and in "The Lull" as "Some shadowless, unfocused light/in which all things come into their own right".

Whereas in "Auspice" in the new collection it belongs more significantly to "the wilds/of loneliness, huge, vacant, sour and plain" where "The fearfullest: desolations of the soul/ Image themselves as local and abiding two straightforwardly: in the two earlier poems there is a wrestling of meaning from that bare light, an arguing against the grain, that seems to produce a more subtle verse movement.

Hecht is at his best in exploring the contradictions of the soul's attractions. The best of his short poems, "The Odds" or "A Birthday Poem", have always been able to

set delight against fear, celebration against self-knowledge; but in his previous collections that contrast has been evident in the interplay between different kinds of poems. In the interplay, for instance, between "The Origin of Centaurs" in *The Hard Hours* and "Colossus Song" in *Millions of Strange Shadows*. Above all, in the interplay between invention and narrative, between poems of an intricate surface, like the play of light on water, and bare documentary poems, the facts of history as a submerged reef. The major departure of *The Venetian Vespers* is the use of narrative fiction—fiction rather than fact—in an attempt to explore the full range of contraries within a single extended poem.

There are three narrative fictions, "The Grapes", "The Short End", and the title poem, all three centred around oppositions of light and colour that are also oppositions of mood and experience. Of these it is the title poem that is the most ambitious and the most problematic.

The first two sections of "The Venetian Vespers" are beautifully written. The subtlety of construction, around images of bubbles in water, bubbles in Venetian glass, could make a study in itself. In the stream of consciousness of a man in his declining years, "an expatriate American/Living off an annuity", we quickly recognize the characteristic landscape of Hechtian desolation—but delineated with a quiet conclusive eloquence, as if that have obsessed him all his life are now receiving their definitive statement:

And over all
The dust of oblivion finer than
milled flour
Where chips of brick, clinkers and
Buck in their slow, invisible decay.
Or else it is late afternoon in
autumn,
The sunlight rusting on the western
fronts
Of a long row of Victorian brick
houses
Untenanted, presumably condemned,
Their brownstone grates, their grand
entablatures,
Their straining caryatid muscle-men
Rendered at once ridiculous and
By the black scars of zigzag fire
scorches
That double themselves in isometric
shadows,
And all their vacancy is given voice
By the endless flapping of one
window-shade.

The other side of Hecht's talent, his ability to present "the soul being drenched in fine particulars" is represented in Sections II and IV by superlative descriptions of the interior of St Mark's and of a thunderstorm in the piazza outside. But the brilliance of those particular is winningly undercut; clearly the hill is winning against the piazza, and one is not allowed to escape for long "into the refuge of the present tense".

The narrator's past, the reef in his consciousness, emerges in Section V at which point the narrative reverts to a plainness reminiscent of Hecht's documentary style. But this is fiction, and the very plainness of the narration seems to highlight the fictions of the plot, which is an awkward contrivance, at once extraordinary and not entirely removed from bathos. But here is a weakness of construction here in any case, a weakness that raises a general question about the

possibilities of narrative fiction in contemporary poetry.

The opening sections of "The Venetian Vespers" are so rich in image and information that one reads them as one would read any poem, as if they belonged to us all, as if they were part of the general history of human sensibility. Their value is the degree to which they seem to illuminate our own experience, the extent to which they are universal. Once that universality is confined, and related to one particular life history, let alone so singular a life history, we begin to lose interest. In the case of "The Venetian Vespers" this effect is compounded by the diminution of linguistic interest as the poem proceeds. The later sections are meant to explain and illumine the earlier sections: but in poetry explanation and illumination tend to be an inverse ratio. "The Venetian Vespers" is so constructed that it offers the reader a progressively diminishing return.

The other two narrative fictions do not pose this problem, because they do not venture beyond the play of consciousness, which is our common ground. There is a useful comparison here with David Harsanyi's long poem "Dreams of the Dead" (that name), which is successful precisely because it exploits the dream motif, where there is no distinction between image and event. I am really suggesting that there is something in the end of the poem that is a warning towards a resist the fictive element—except at the level of folk tale or myth, at the level of the archetype.

"The Venetian Vespers" is seriously flawed, but it is by no means a negligible work. Even the plot has a kind of Hardyian pessimism, the sense of a fault so deep that it is cellular, in the very nature of the life process. This is a theme that Hecht first explored in "Green: An Epistle", and which

he recapitulates briefly in Section III of "The Venetian Vespers". He touches on it again memorably in "A Cast of Light", a poem set at a Father's Day picnic during which he notices "A maple bough of web-foot, golden greens, / Found by an angry short / Of late sunlight" where mosses in all innocence pursue their

Industry of photosynthesis. Yet only for twenty minutes or so today.

On a summer afternoon, Does the splendid luncheon reach to them, or sink to these dim bottoms, making its chancy way. As through the barrier reef of some In sea-green darkness, by a wavering chink.

Down, nearly probing like an accurate paw Or a notched and bevelled key, Through the huge cave-roof of giant oak and pine. And the heart goes numb in a title of fear and awe For those we cherish, their hopes, Their shadowy fate's unfathomable design.

There is something akin to Hardy, too, in Hecht's use of neutralities of light, interludes of dusk or pre-dawn, atmospheres of mist or snow, when appearances become permeable, open to the imagination's hauntings. In Hecht such moments form those intersections of artifice and conscience where his finest work is done. In *The Venetian Vespers* "Still Life" and "Peculiarities" are poems of that kind and quality.

I would not want to end without drawing attention to "The Dead-end", a fictive extension of documentary that seems to open up new possibilities in this area, and to Anthony Hecht's vision of two poems by Joseph Brodsky, which friends who read Russian tell me are among the very few translations in English to convey something of the music of the original.

SIGNET/MENTOR: The strongest paperback list of American Literature

The Short Fiction of Sarah Orne Jewett and Mary Wilkins Freeman

An extraordinary collection of stories from two important American writers which deal with human dilemmas and give a clear insight into the lost American past. 451 51192 1 £1.95

Black Drama Anthology Edited by Woodie King and Ron Miller

Twenty-three explosive plays which have their foundations firmly rooted in the uncompromising truth of the black experience. 451 08594 9 £1.95

White Jacket Herman Melville

A fascinating account of Navy life in the 1840's and an unforgettable exploration of human ethics, justice, needs, and the depths of the human soul. 451 81231 6 £1.75

Black Voices Edited by Abraham Chapman

An exciting and varied anthology of many writers who reflect the enormous artistic vitality of the Black community, including Le Roi Jones, James Baldwin, Ralph Ellison, and Malcolm X. In revealing what it is to be black they tell what it is to be human. 451 00993 2 £1.75

And WATCH OUT for these new titles in August...

The Bonetians Henry James 451 51285 8 £1.75

The Virginians Owen Wister 451 81242 2 £1.25

NEW ENGLISH LIBRARY

Path

Now we have come to this. Take a long look.
After the years, the wandering, this life return:
the landscape, if you say, of childhood.—Fertile,
we couldn't see beyond it. Never that brook
pouring unimpeded to the sky's scuffed brink,
the caterpillar hedgerows wandering far.
This path, and beechnuts we were hunting for;
Our matchstick shadows buckled down and shrank.
I cannot bring myself to chuck them now:
I feel the trill come back, the trill of the nut.
But we'll be back and often and you know.
Beechnuts. My stylish love, you'd have to kneel.
Listen: grasshoppers chirring in the quick
like the sporadic juddering of a watch.

Peter Dale

Sonnet

Lights, flowers, applause, incredible reviews
From Bernard Lewis, all these I have missed
Because I married a metallurgist
And came to live in Slough. It's all through you
I do the filthy things that housewives do.
But fine-tuned souls like mine cannot resist
The chains of such grammatical sadists—
I could have lived if it were not for you!

But in forbidding you your dream career
And binding you to stove and sink in Slough,
I'm helping you avoid what you most fear.
Trying, and finding out you don't know how.
Together, too, we've mutual consolation—
Yours in surrender, mine in subjugation.

Margaret Bevan

The new Hollywood pantheon

By Nick Roddick

ROBERT PHILIP KOLKER:

A Cinema of Loneliness.
Penn, Kubrick, Coppola, Scorsese, Altman.
395pp. Oxford University Press.
£8.50.
0 19 502538 1

The *politique des auteurs* is by now the basic orthodoxy of film criticism. In its early days, of course, it was on the side of the progressives, championing the notion that particular American cinema was no less worthy of serious attention than its more artistically respected European counterpart. But it neglected the fact that cinema has certain specific characteristics which mark it off from other art forms, notably that films are collective creations produced under industrial, not artisanal, conditions and for a mass audience rather than for connoisseurs. And it is this failure of *auteur* criticism which has, in the past decade, come increasingly under fire. Like most critics, Robert Philip Kolker is well aware of these developments and he is not taking any chances. The introduction to *A Cinema of Loneliness* is a lucid summary of the current critical debate, with frequent references to the key texts of modernist criticism: Barthes, Eco, Derrida, Metz, Todorov, Altusser, the pages of *Screen*. For his own part, he adopts a Barthesian definition of film as the work of an individual (the director), perceived by another individual (the spectator), both of whom are bound up in a mesh of economic influences and mythic representations of these influences.

The word "ideology" figures a great deal in the introduction, though the book itself is not really about ideology. It is, in fact, better described by the second half of its title: as a series of individual *auteur* studies. Through meticulous and perceptive analysis of some

twenty films by five major American directors, Kolker examines the images they provide of "the vision that our contemporary cinema seems dead set on insisting we inhabit". He concerns himself with "point of view", with how and why a filmmaker allows us entry into the fiction he creates and, once entered, with where we are permitted to stand and how we are permitted to observe. He also notes the way in which films themselves have become an important source of social history: Hollywood's mythic representations are as much a part of America's collective consciousness as the actual history on which Hollywood drew. Thus, reworking earlier films becomes for a modern director a way of reworking historical myths: Kubrick's *Paths of Glory*, Kolker points out, is essentially similar to Ford's *Fort Apache*, but without the latter's reassuring epilogue; and *Taxi Driver* is a ghastly parody of the *Searchers* with Travis Bickle as Ethan Edwards-John Wayne, Eric as Debbie-Natalie Wood and Iris's hippie Sport as the Apache chief, Scar.

The best chapters in Kolker's book are those on Scorsese and Altman. Of the former's films, *Taxi Driver* receives the most attention, since it is the clearest vindication of Kolker's emphasis on point of view, a film which forces us "continually to see as the character sees, creating a *mise en scene* that expresses above all the obsessive vision of a madman". The Altman chapter, refreshingly focusing on *McCabe and Mrs Miller* and *The Long Goodbye*, examines the director's penchant for visual and narrative deconstruction and the way in which his reworking of generic forms "continually places itself in a critical perspective to history and to the myths of history". By contrast, the chapter on Kubrick seems more of a homage to the director; Kolker admires without quite being able to like, while the section on Penn says little that is new, barring the observation (useful given the fact that Penn is often seen as an iconoclast) that he is

"a melodramatist, a creator of large, emotional, dramatic images, the kind of 'the vision' that our contemporary cinema seems dead set on insisting we inhabit".

By far the weakest of the five main chapters is the one on Coppola. Although the book was written before the release of *Apocalypse Now* (as it was in Altman's case before the release of either *Quinter*—which slips in to a footnote—or *A Perfect Couple*), but it seems unlikely that Kolker would have been sympathetic towards Coppola's epic. Indeed, he is hostile throughout to what he sees as the director's temptation towards "gigantism" and contrives to hold him somehow responsible for the modern American cinema's trend towards blockbusters. The only Coppola film which he is unreservedly favourable to is *The Conversation*, a piece of "perceptual gamesmanship in which the cinematic-photographic image of the world becomes a locus of existential dread". *The Conversation*, in other words, fits Kolker's thesis in a way in which Coppola's other films, particularly the two *Godfathers*, do not. *The Rain People* is given very cursory treatment. *You're a Big Boy Now* has become almost unwatchable and the advances in information he has had about *Apocalypse Now* is enough to send him reaching for the kind of language he would never resort to in his treatment of the other four directors: "The amount of pre-publicity and the millions of dollars being squandered on the production of this film is a questionable promise of commercial success—appealing".

Kolker's attitude towards Coppola raises a number of wider questions about the book as a whole. One question, which is asked about two of the directors, Coppola and Altman, is that they have both devoted a lot of care and effort to setting up their own

progressed but which he is nevertheless reluctant to abandon. The result is a book founded on outdated assumptions about cinema relying heavily on the work of Jean Mitry, Edgar Morin and Rudolf Arnheim, but laced with references to the structuralist theories of Gérard Genette and Christian Metz's early, mechanistic semiotics.

Cohen's central argument is that the art of the nineteenth century, both in literature and in theatre, was technically bankrupt and due for a fundamental overhaul. Impressionist painting indicated that the time was ripe for the invention of a new form of significant literature and space; the cinema, the most important function of the novel, was to synthesize the goals of impressionism and naturalism and it could achieve this because "film doubles reality, presents an entirely new image of its model" and "it is a machine with a high degree of fidelity, the changes in values, natural or artificial, on the objects around us". Secondly, film was a logical result of the conjunction of the "dream of cinema" with the "machine age", or, as Cohen puts it, "increasing mechanization throughout the nineteenth century made the final realization of this dream almost inevitable". The "challenge" for art, "consisted in discovering a means of transforming this deleterious social effect of aesthetic efficiency into pleasurable responses to this challenge, to transform, systematically into art, even the most stultifying or potentially demoralizing qualities of machine culture". In this way, machine culture was transformed into a myth, making the "tawdry" elements of cheap culture into art. The tawdry elements are listed as including: "eroticism, slapstick, current history and magic".

Cohen follows these writers such as André Malraux and Herbert Read and contrabandists, virtually all the research that has been done since then. He alleges that cinema began in 1895, the period from 1895 to 1905, which the first American film, *Lumière's* *Grand Train*, was made.

By far the weakest of the five main chapters is the one on Coppola. Although the book was written before the release of *Apocalypse Now* (as it was in Altman's case before the release of either *Quinter*—which slips in to a footnote—or *A Perfect Couple*), but it seems unlikely that Kolker would have been sympathetic towards Coppola's epic. Indeed, he is hostile throughout to what he sees as the director's temptation towards "gigantism" and contrives to hold him somehow responsible for the modern American cinema's trend towards blockbusters. The only Coppola film which he is unreservedly favourable to is *The Conversation*, a piece of "perceptual gamesmanship in which the cinematic-photographic image of the world becomes a locus of existential dread". *The Conversation*, in other words, fits Kolker's thesis in a way in which Coppola's other films, particularly the two *Godfathers*, do not. *The Rain People* is given very cursory treatment. *You're a Big Boy Now* has become almost unwatchable and the advances in information he has had about *Apocalypse Now* is enough to send him reaching for the kind of language he would never resort to in his treatment of the other four directors: "The amount of pre-publicity and the millions of dollars being squandered on the production of this film is a questionable promise of commercial success—appealing".

Cohen's central argument is that the art of the nineteenth century, both in literature and in theatre, was technically bankrupt and due for a fundamental overhaul. Impressionist painting indicated that the time was ripe for the invention of a new form of significant literature and space; the cinema, the most important function of the novel, was to synthesize the goals of impressionism and naturalism and it could achieve this because "film doubles reality, presents an entirely new image of its model" and "it is a machine with a high degree of fidelity, the changes in values, natural or artificial, on the objects around us". Secondly, film was a logical result of the conjunction of the "dream of cinema" with the "machine age", or, as Cohen puts it, "increasing mechanization throughout the nineteenth century made the final realization of this dream almost inevitable". The "challenge" for art, "consisted in discovering a means of transforming this deleterious social effect of aesthetic efficiency into pleasurable responses to this challenge, to transform, systematically into art, even the most stultifying or potentially demoralizing qualities of machine culture". In this way, machine culture was transformed into a myth, making the "tawdry" elements of cheap culture into art. The tawdry elements are listed as including: "eroticism, slapstick, current history and magic".

Cohen follows these writers such as André Malraux and Herbert Read and contrabandists, virtually all the research that has been done since then. He alleges that cinema began in 1895, the period from 1895 to 1905, which the first American film, *Lumière's* *Grand Train*, was made.

By far the weakest of the five main chapters is the one on Coppola. Although the book was written before the release of *Apocalypse Now* (as it was in Altman's case before the release of either *Quinter*—which slips in to a footnote—or *A Perfect Couple*), but it seems unlikely that Kolker would have been sympathetic towards Coppola's epic. Indeed, he is hostile throughout to what he sees as the director's temptation towards "gigantism" and contrives to hold him somehow responsible for the modern American cinema's trend towards blockbusters. The only Coppola film which he is unreservedly favourable to is *The Conversation*, a piece of "perceptual gamesmanship in which the cinematic-photographic image of the world becomes a locus of existential dread". *The Conversation*, in other words, fits Kolker's thesis in a way in which Coppola's other films, particularly the two *Godfathers*, do not. *The Rain People* is given very cursory treatment. *You're a Big Boy Now* has become almost unwatchable and the advances in information he has had about *Apocalypse Now* is enough to send him reaching for the kind of language he would never resort to in his treatment of the other four directors: "The amount of pre-publicity and the millions of dollars being squandered on the production of this film is a questionable promise of commercial success—appealing".

production companies. Yet, despite this, Kolker does virtually nothing to analyse the economic conditions under which the films he discusses were produced. "The new Hollywood", he declares, "is in fact the old Hollywood without security and without community." But he goes no further than that, preferring to depict Hollywood as a state of mind rather than as an industrial complex. Indeed, Kolker is deeply distrustful of the commercial side of the cinema, as the chapter on Coppola indicates: given the chance, he will deal with unsuccesses. In the case of 2001 popularity, he claims, from the film's mistaken status as a "drug-trip movie", it is clear that its original, underground and uncritical audiences were wrong. He argues (not convincingly) that the film's real message is its "long-distanced contemplation of technological advance and human retreat".

What Kolker's attitude towards commercial success makes abundantly clear, however, is that his primary critical concern is with ideological significance, faced with a film by one of his five "auteur" directors, the armoury of modernism is discarded, exhibiting a sophisticated but fairly traditional *auteurist* approach. The films he discusses are related less to the context of their production, social or economic, than to the history of cinema: to Godard and the New Wave for the way in which the films foreground their own cinematic form and refuse to produce the "seamless narratives" and "passive identification" of the classic Hollywood feature; to Welles for their restless camera movements and use of cinematic

space; to Ford for their habit, to avoid, however critically the may view them, the great American myth.

As an *auteur* study, *A Cinema of Loneliness* is off to a good start. Though one wonders why he has chosen to include, as his "auteur" directors, two in the other, younger directors—Wesley Allen, Walter Hill, Alan J. Pakula—even Sidney Pollack (who Kolker dismisses as "indifferent")—the concerns mapped out by him is that the author should be chosen to devote so much of his introduction to the notion of *auteur*. The term, tightly defined, becomes in the main text looser and looser notion, more and more, synonymous with "style".

It is treated as one of the elements in a film to be distinguished by the critic, in a demerit-consciousness, rather than a form of *auteur*, placed mythical consciousness and contains the film, its director, its spectator—and its critic. Kolker offers in general conclusion to his five studies and his critical approach is that of traditional *auteur* criticism, firmly based on the work of a first-person singular and invoking a hypothetical spectator plural spectator as a guarantee for the critic's activity: "as such and such in the film; it is that leads us to conclude, each is a myth which provides a little insight, but no real sense, which to set, and again which measure, the individual film or activity of the individual filmmaker; not so much a cinema of loneliness, in fact, as a series of artists offering different images of a culture obsessed with the kind of solitude. Images of loneliness and 'helplessness', declares Kolker, "are deeply in pacted within our ideological apparatus". His book excludes to images with great care, as he declares more than tinker with the apparatus.

Working in the critical base established by Maximilian Novak's *Economics and the Fiction of Daniel Defoe* (1962) and *Defoe and the Nature of Man* (1963), Blewett sees these four novels as structured exploration of Defoe's own ideas, ranging from the importance of family unity and true loving marriage (as opposed to "maximalist whoredom"), the value of generosity, and the interplay of guilt with the plea of Nature and Necessity, to the evils of Jacobitism and the religion of servants.

The darkest of the four (Roxane) and the most garrulous (Colonel Jack) gain much from Blewett's analysis. The book is especially, when Professor Blewett examines the theme of deceit, disguise and self-deception which certainly gives them a rhythm, whether in Jack's delusive Jacobitism or in Roxane's false quest for gentility, or in Roxane's horror at her daughter's discovery of her identity. These are strong themes and the book explores them well.

Blewett shows how the idea of shape-changing and delusion is also at the heart of *Moll Flanders*, with her many changes of identity and even of sex. He sees her story as sharing with *Robinson Crusoe* a providential shape, but in doing so he falls into the temptation of making the novel too morally tidy: Moll's final reunion with Jenny is the true marriage, and after she has been "fully punished for all her illicit marriages" the book ends with the possibility of renewal and a "new life". But it is right to leave out of account the reader's more equivocal feelings at the close of the novel?

Even on the final page Moll acts deceitfully, by telling her son about her marriage and continuing to live in the deception. Surely Moll's remark that "thus all these little difficulties were made easy" is hardly the language of a woman from whom the guilt of incest, bigamy, theft and whoredom has been lifted? The weakness of this study is that it lays aside such possibilities as hypocrisy in the narrator or imaginative convenience in the author, and that it ignores the puzzled, uneasy responses of the attentive reader while listening to a story as *Crusoe*, Moll, Jack or Roxane tells it to us.

Each of these tale-tellers exercises power, over the story itself and over us. Defoe himself is an accomplice, in the way his alternately self-justifying and repentant voices challenge us. Moll Flanders, for example, regularly denies her victims the moral stature to outlaw her actions, as when she contemplates the possibility of murdering a little girl in the dark alley after stealing her necklace.

The innocent child is in danger of asserting herself morally, and so the narrative fantasizes into existence an irresponsible servant and neglectful parents, and the

space; to Ford for their habit, to avoid, however critically the may view them, the great American myth.

As an *auteur* study, *A Cinema of Loneliness* is off to a good start. Though one wonders why he has chosen to include, as his "auteur" directors, two in the other, younger directors—Wesley Allen, Walter Hill, Alan J. Pakula—even Sidney Pollack (who Kolker dismisses as "indifferent")—the concerns mapped out by him is that the author should be chosen to devote so much of his introduction to the notion of *auteur*. The term, tightly defined, becomes in the main text looser and looser notion, more and more, synonymous with "style".

It is treated as one of the elements in a film to be distinguished by the critic, in a demerit-consciousness, rather than a form of *auteur*, placed mythical consciousness and contains the film, its director, its spectator—and its critic. Kolker offers in general conclusion to his five studies and his critical approach is that of traditional *auteur* criticism, firmly based on the work of a first-person singular and invoking a hypothetical spectator plural spectator as a guarantee for the critic's activity: "as such and such in the film; it is that leads us to conclude, each is a myth which provides a little insight, but no real sense, which to set, and again which measure, the individual film or activity of the individual filmmaker; not so much a cinema of loneliness, in fact, as a series of artists offering different images of a culture obsessed with the kind of solitude. Images of loneliness and 'helplessness', declares Kolker, "are deeply in pacted within our ideological apparatus". His book excludes to images with great care, as he declares more than tinker with the apparatus.

Working in the critical base established by Maximilian Novak's *Economics and the Fiction of Daniel Defoe* (1962) and *Defoe and the Nature of Man* (1963), Blewett sees these four novels as structured exploration of Defoe's own ideas, ranging from the importance of family unity and true loving marriage (as opposed to "maximalist whoredom"), the value of generosity, and the interplay of guilt with the plea of Nature and Necessity, to the evils of Jacobitism and the religion of servants.

The darkest of the four (Roxane) and the most garrulous (Colonel Jack) gain much from Blewett's analysis. The book is especially, when Professor Blewett examines the theme of deceit, disguise and self-deception which certainly gives them a rhythm, whether in Jack's delusive Jacobitism or in Roxane's false quest for gentility, or in Roxane's horror at her daughter's discovery of her identity. These are strong themes and the book explores them well.

Blewett shows how the idea of shape-changing and delusion is also at the heart of *Moll Flanders*, with her many changes of identity and even of sex. He sees her story as sharing with *Robinson Crusoe* a providential shape, but in doing so he falls into the temptation of making the novel too morally tidy: Moll's final reunion with Jenny is the true marriage, and after she has been "fully punished for all her illicit marriages" the book ends with the possibility of renewal and a "new life". But it is right to leave out of account the reader's more equivocal feelings at the close of the novel?

Even on the final page Moll acts deceitfully, by telling her son about her marriage and continuing to live in the deception. Surely Moll's remark that "thus all these little difficulties were made easy" is hardly the language of a woman from whom the guilt of incest, bigamy, theft and whoredom has been lifted? The weakness of this study is that it lays aside such possibilities as hypocrisy in the narrator or imaginative convenience in the author, and that it ignores the puzzled, uneasy responses of the attentive reader while listening to a story as *Crusoe*, Moll, Jack or Roxane tells it to us.

Each of these tale-tellers exercises power, over the story itself and over us. Defoe himself is an accomplice, in the way his alternately self-justifying and repentant voices challenge us. Moll Flanders, for example, regularly denies her victims the moral stature to outlaw her actions, as when she contemplates the possibility of murdering a little girl in the dark alley after stealing her necklace.

The innocent child is in danger of asserting herself morally, and so the narrative fantasizes into existence an irresponsible servant and neglectful parents, and the

Even on the final page Moll acts deceitfully, by telling her son about her marriage and continuing to live in the deception. Surely Moll's remark that "thus all these little difficulties were made easy" is hardly the language of a woman from whom the guilt of incest, bigamy, theft and whoredom has been lifted? The weakness of this study is that it lays aside such possibilities as hypocrisy in the narrator or imaginative convenience in the author, and that it ignores the puzzled, uneasy responses of the attentive reader while listening to a story as *Crusoe*, Moll, Jack or Roxane tells it to us.

Each of these tale-tellers exercises power, over the story itself and over us. Defoe himself is an accomplice, in the way his alternately self-justifying and repentant voices challenge us. Moll Flanders, for example, regularly denies her victims the moral stature to outlaw her actions, as when she contemplates the possibility of murdering a little girl in the dark alley after stealing her necklace.

The innocent child is in danger of asserting herself morally, and so the narrative fantasizes into existence an irresponsible servant and neglectful parents, and the

The infection of deception

By David Fairer

DAVID BLEWETT:
Defoe's Art of Fiction
323pp.
0 600 5447 1

Blewett, the ringleader of Defoe's *Six Notorious Street-Robbers* (1776), had an engaging trick of keeping aboard moving coasts and leaping vivid from the heads of the Defoe loved: spontaneously energetic, lively, impetuous and normally dubious. David Blewett is clearly no relation of this scout-prophet of the four major novels, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Moll Flanders*, *Colonel Jack* and *Roxane*, a little dogged and solemn, but generally sensible, and it presents a Defoe who is a tidy and organized writer, kitted out for academic respectability with a "controlling vision" a "theory of Fiction" and a "narrative art". In four lines, during a discussion of *Moll Flanders*, we get "structure", "pattern", "repetition with variation", "rhythm", "symmetry", "contrast", "characterization", "tension" and "mystery"—quite enough to make any would-be, for a single author.

In asserting Defoe's conscious artistry Professor Blewett allows himself to what he calls the "new approach" to these novels, the "older view" (outlined in his preface) being that Defoe subordinates art to authenticity, and that he has a brilliant actualizing power over the episodes in his fiction, but lacks overall control of story or structure. The "new approach" (instituted by Professors Novak and Sturt) asserts that Defoe is a writer, and that his novels organize coherently his moral and spiritual convictions. This book exemplifies some of the dangers in the kind of academic legitimization which sees seriousness only in terms of conscious artistic control.

Working in the critical base established by Maximilian Novak's *Economics and the Fiction of Daniel Defoe* (1962) and *Defoe and the Nature of Man* (1963), Blewett sees these four novels as structured exploration of Defoe's own ideas, ranging from the importance of family unity and true loving marriage (as opposed to "maximalist whoredom"), the value of generosity, and the interplay of guilt with the plea of Nature and Necessity, to the evils of Jacobitism and the religion of servants.

The darkest of the four (Roxane) and the most garrulous (Colonel Jack) gain much from Blewett's analysis. The book is especially, when Professor Blewett examines the theme of deceit, disguise and self-deception which certainly gives them a rhythm, whether in Jack's delusive Jacobitism or in Roxane's false quest for gentility, or in Roxane's horror at her daughter's discovery of her identity. These are strong themes and the book explores them well.

Blewett shows how the idea of shape-changing and delusion is also at the heart of *Moll Flanders*, with her many changes of identity and even of sex. He sees her story as sharing with *Robinson Crusoe* a providential shape, but in doing so he falls into the temptation of making the novel too morally tidy: Moll's final reunion with Jenny is the true marriage, and after she has been "fully punished for all her illicit marriages" the book ends with the possibility of renewal and a "new life". But it is right to leave out of account the reader's more equivocal feelings at the close of the novel?

Even on the final page Moll acts deceitfully, by telling her son about her marriage and continuing to live in the deception. Surely Moll's remark that "thus all these little difficulties were made easy" is hardly the language of a woman from whom the guilt of incest, bigamy, theft and whoredom has been lifted? The weakness of this study is that it lays aside such possibilities as hypocrisy in the narrator or imaginative convenience in the author, and that it ignores the puzzled, uneasy responses of the attentive reader while listening to a story as *Crusoe*, Moll, Jack or Roxane tells it to us.

Each of these tale-tellers exercises power, over the story itself and over us. Defoe himself is an accomplice, in the way his alternately self-justifying and repentant voices challenge us. Moll Flanders, for example, regularly denies her victims the moral stature to outlaw her actions, as when she contemplates the possibility of murdering a little girl in the dark alley after stealing her necklace.

The innocent child is in danger of asserting herself morally, and so the narrative fantasizes into existence an irresponsible servant and neglectful parents, and the

ism or his false quest for gentility, or in Roxane's horror at her daughter's discovery of her identity. These are strong themes and the book explores them well.

Blewett shows how the idea of shape-changing and delusion is also at the heart of *Moll Flanders*, with her many changes of identity and even of sex. He sees her story as sharing with *Robinson Crusoe* a providential shape, but in doing so he falls into the temptation of making the novel too morally tidy: Moll's final reunion with Jenny is the true marriage, and after she has been "fully punished for all her illicit marriages" the book ends with the possibility of renewal and a "new life". But it is right to leave out of account the reader's more equivocal feelings at the close of the novel?

Even on the final page Moll acts deceitfully, by telling her son about her marriage and continuing to live in the deception. Surely Moll's remark that "thus all these little difficulties were made easy" is hardly the language of a woman from whom the guilt of incest, bigamy, theft and whoredom has been lifted? The weakness of this study is that it lays aside such possibilities as hypocrisy in the narrator or imaginative convenience in the author, and that it ignores the puzzled, uneasy responses of the attentive reader while listening to a story as *Crusoe*, Moll, Jack or Roxane tells it to us.

Each of these tale-tellers exercises power, over the story itself and over us. Defoe himself is an accomplice, in the way his alternately self-justifying and repentant voices challenge us. Moll Flanders, for example, regularly denies her victims the moral stature to outlaw her actions, as when she contemplates the possibility of murdering a little girl in the dark alley after stealing her necklace.

The innocent child is in danger of asserting herself morally, and so the narrative fantasizes into existence an irresponsible servant and neglectful parents, and the

Even on the final page Moll acts deceitfully, by telling her son about her marriage and continuing to live in the deception. Surely Moll's remark that "thus all these little difficulties were made easy" is hardly the language of a woman from whom the guilt of incest, bigamy, theft and whoredom has been lifted? The weakness of this study is that it lays aside such possibilities as hypocrisy in the narrator or imaginative convenience in the author, and that it ignores the puzzled, uneasy responses of the attentive reader while listening to a story as *Crusoe*, Moll, Jack or Roxane tells it to us.

Each of these tale-tellers exercises power, over the story itself and over us. Defoe himself is an accomplice, in the way his alternately self-justifying and repentant voices challenge us. Moll Flanders, for example, regularly denies her victims the moral stature to outlaw her actions, as when she contemplates the possibility of murdering a little girl in the dark alley after stealing her necklace.

The innocent child is in danger of asserting herself morally, and so the narrative fantasizes into existence an irresponsible servant and neglectful parents, and the

Even on the final page Moll acts deceitfully, by telling her son about her marriage and continuing to live in the deception. Surely Moll's remark that "thus all these little difficulties were made easy" is hardly the language of a woman from whom the guilt of incest, bigamy, theft and whoredom has been lifted? The weakness of this study is that it lays aside such possibilities as hypocrisy in the narrator or imaginative convenience in the author, and that it ignores the puzzled, uneasy responses of the attentive reader while listening to a story as *Crusoe*, Moll, Jack or Roxane tells it to us.

Each of these tale-tellers exercises power, over the story itself and over us. Defoe himself is an accomplice, in the way his alternately self-justifying and repentant voices challenge us. Moll Flanders, for example, regularly denies her victims the moral stature to outlaw her actions, as when she contemplates the possibility of murdering a little girl in the dark alley after stealing her necklace.

The innocent child is in danger of asserting herself morally, and so the narrative fantasizes into existence an irresponsible servant and neglectful parents, and the

Even on the final page Moll acts deceitfully, by telling her son about her marriage and continuing to live in the deception. Surely Moll's remark that "thus all these little difficulties were made easy" is hardly the language of a woman from whom the guilt of incest, bigamy, theft and whoredom has been lifted? The weakness of this study is that it lays aside such possibilities as hypocrisy in the narrator or imaginative convenience in the author, and that it ignores the puzzled, uneasy responses of the attentive reader while listening to a story as *Crusoe*, Moll, Jack or Roxane tells it to us.

Each of these tale-tellers exercises power, over the story itself and over us. Defoe himself is an accomplice, in the way his alternately self-justifying and repentant voices challenge us. Moll Flanders, for example, regularly denies her victims the moral stature to outlaw her actions, as when she contemplates the possibility of murdering a little girl in the dark alley after stealing her necklace.

The innocent child is in danger of asserting herself morally, and so the narrative fantasizes into existence an irresponsible servant and neglectful parents, and the

Even on the final page Moll acts deceitfully, by telling her son about her marriage and continuing to live in the deception. Surely Moll's remark that "thus all these little difficulties were made easy" is hardly the language of a woman from whom the guilt of incest, bigamy, theft and whoredom has been lifted? The weakness of this study is that it lays aside such possibilities as hypocrisy in the narrator or imaginative convenience in the author, and that it ignores the puzzled, uneasy responses of the attentive reader while listening to a story as *Crusoe*, Moll, Jack or Roxane tells it to us.

Each of these tale-tellers exercises power, over the story itself and over us. Defoe himself is an accomplice, in the way his alternately self-justifying and repentant voices challenge us. Moll Flanders, for example, regularly denies her victims the moral stature to outlaw her actions, as when she contemplates the possibility of murdering a little girl in the dark alley after stealing her necklace.

The innocent child is in danger of asserting herself morally, and so the narrative fantasizes into existence an irresponsible servant and neglectful parents, and the

Even on the final page Moll acts deceitfully, by telling her son about her marriage and continuing to live in the deception. Surely Moll's remark that "thus all these little difficulties were made easy" is hardly the language of a woman from whom the guilt of incest, bigamy, theft and whoredom has been lifted? The weakness of this study is that it lays aside such possibilities as hypocrisy in the narrator or imaginative convenience in the author, and that it ignores the puzzled, uneasy responses of the attentive reader while listening to a story as *Crusoe*, Moll, Jack or Roxane tells it to us.

Each of these tale-tellers exercises power, over the story itself and over us. Defoe himself is an accomplice, in the way his alternately self-justifying and repentant voices challenge us. Moll Flanders, for example, regularly denies her victims the moral stature to outlaw her actions, as when she contemplates the possibility of murdering a little girl in the dark alley after stealing her necklace.

The innocent child is in danger of asserting herself morally, and so the narrative fantasizes into existence an irresponsible servant and neglectful parents, and the

Even on the final page Moll acts deceitfully, by telling her son about her marriage and continuing to live in the deception. Surely Moll's remark that "thus all these little difficulties were made easy" is hardly the language of a woman from whom the guilt of incest, bigamy, theft and whoredom has been lifted? The weakness of this study is that it lays aside such possibilities as hypocrisy in the narrator or imaginative convenience in the author, and that it ignores the puzzled, uneasy responses of the attentive reader while listening to a story as *Crusoe*, Moll, Jack or Roxane tells it to us.

Each of these tale-tellers exercises power, over the story itself and over us. Defoe himself is an accomplice, in the way his alternately self-justifying and repentant voices challenge us. Moll Flanders, for example, regularly denies her victims the moral stature to outlaw her actions, as when she contemplates the possibility of murdering a little girl in the dark alley after stealing her necklace.

The innocent child is in danger of asserting herself morally, and so the narrative fantasizes into existence an irresponsible servant and neglectful parents, and the

Even on the final page Moll acts deceitfully, by telling her son about her marriage and continuing to live in the deception. Surely Moll's remark that "thus all these little difficulties were made easy" is hardly the language of a woman from whom the guilt of incest, bigamy, theft and whoredom has been lifted? The weakness of this study is that it lays aside such possibilities as hypocrisy in the narrator or imaginative convenience in the author, and that it ignores the puzzled, uneasy responses of the attentive reader while listening to a story as *Crusoe*, Moll, Jack or Roxane tells it to us.

Each of these tale-tellers exercises power, over the story itself and over us. Defoe himself is an accomplice, in the way his alternately self-justifying and repentant voices challenge us. Moll Flanders, for example, regularly denies her victims the moral stature to outlaw her actions, as when she contemplates the possibility of murdering a little girl in the dark alley after stealing her necklace.

The innocent child is in danger of asserting herself morally, and so the narrative fantasizes into existence an irresponsible servant and neglectful parents, and the

Even on the final page Moll acts deceitfully, by telling her son about her marriage and continuing to live in the deception. Surely Moll's remark that "thus all these little difficulties were made easy" is hardly the language of a woman from whom the guilt of incest, bigamy, theft and whoredom has been lifted? The weakness of this study is that it lays aside such possibilities as hypocrisy in the narrator or imaginative convenience in the author, and that it ignores the puzzled, uneasy responses of the attentive reader while listening to a story as *Crusoe*, Moll, Jack or Roxane tells it to us.

Each of these tale-tellers exercises power, over the story itself and over us. Defoe himself is an accomplice, in the way his alternately self-justifying and repentant voices challenge us. Moll Flanders, for example, regularly denies her victims the moral stature to outlaw her actions, as when she contemplates the possibility of murdering a little girl in the dark alley after stealing her necklace.

The innocent child is in danger of asserting herself morally, and so the narrative fantasizes into existence an irresponsible servant and neglectful parents, and the

Even on the final page Moll acts deceitfully, by telling her son about her marriage and continuing to live in the deception. Surely Moll's remark that "thus all these little difficulties were made easy" is hardly the language of a woman from whom the guilt of incest, bigamy, theft and whoredom has been lifted? The weakness of this study is that it lays aside such possibilities as hypocrisy in the narrator or imaginative convenience in the author, and that it ignores the puzzled, uneasy responses of the attentive reader while listening to a story as *Crusoe*, Moll, Jack or Roxane tells it to us.

Each of these tale-tellers exercises power, over the story itself and over us. Defoe himself is an accomplice, in the way his alternately self-justifying and repentant voices challenge us. Moll Flanders, for example, regularly denies her victims the moral stature to outlaw her actions, as when she contemplates the possibility of murdering a little girl in the dark alley after stealing her necklace.

The innocent child is in danger of asserting herself morally, and so the narrative fantasizes into existence an irresponsible servant and neglectful parents, and the

Even on the final page Moll acts deceitfully, by telling her son about her marriage and continuing to live in the deception. Surely Moll's remark that "thus all these little difficulties were made easy" is hardly the language of a woman from whom the guilt of incest, bigamy, theft and whoredom has been lifted? The weakness of this study is that it lays aside such possibilities as hypocrisy in the narrator or imaginative convenience in the author, and that it ignores the puzzled, uneasy responses of the attentive reader while listening to a story as *Crusoe*, Moll, Jack or Roxane tells it to us.

Each of these tale-tellers exercises power, over the story itself and over us. Defoe himself is an accomplice, in the way his alternately self-justifying and repentant voices challenge us. Moll Flanders, for example, regularly denies her victims the moral stature to outlaw her actions, as when she contemplates the possibility of murdering

